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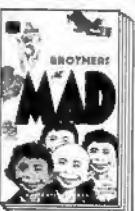
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No. 116

January '68





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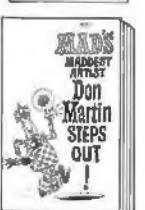
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MAD

"Parents who have a lot of kids deserve plenty of credit! In fact, they can't very well get along without it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director*

LEONARD BRENNER *production*

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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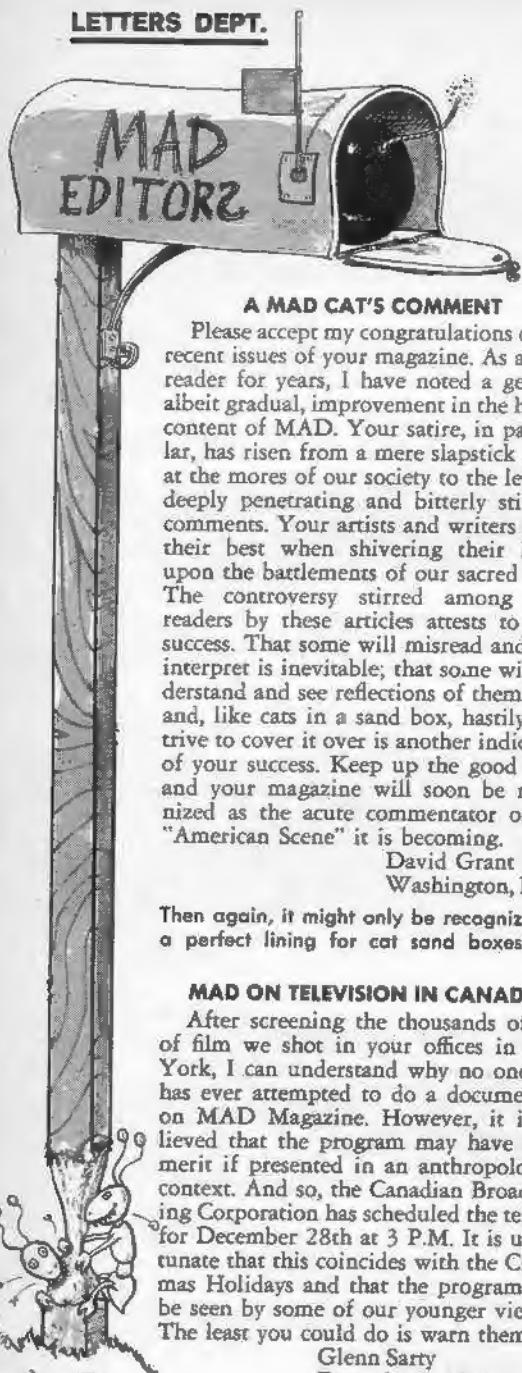
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LETTERS DEPT.



A MAD CAT'S COMMENT

Please accept my congratulations on the recent issues of your magazine. As a loyal reader for years, I have noted a general, albeit gradual, improvement in the humor content of MAD. Your satire, in particular, has risen from a mere slapstick swipe at the mores of our society to the level of deeply penetrating and bitterly stinging comments. Your artists and writers are at their best when shivering their lances upon the battlements of our sacred cows. The controversy stirred among your readers by these articles attests to their success. That some will misread and misinterpret is inevitable; that some will understand and see reflections of themselves and, like cats in a sand box, hastily contrive to cover it over is another indication of your success. Keep up the good work and your magazine will soon be recognized as the acute commentator on the "American Scene" it is becoming.

David Grant Best
Washington, D.C.

Then again, it might only be recognized as a perfect lining for cat sand boxes!—Ed.

MAD ON TELEVISION IN CANADA

After screening the thousands of feet of film we shot in your offices in New York, I can understand why no one else has ever attempted to do a documentary on MAD Magazine. However, it is believed that the program may have some merit if presented in an anthropological context. And so, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has scheduled the telecast for December 28th at 3 P.M. It is unfortunate that this coincides with the Christmas Holidays and that the program may be seen by some of our younger viewers. The least you could do is warn them.

Glenn Sarty
Executive Producer
"Take 30"
CBC, Toronto, Ont. Can.

All you young Canadian MAD fans who watch TV, consider yourselves warned!—Ed.

"Take 30" Invades MAD's Offices



PRES. JOHNSON ON MADISON AVE.

I just borrowed the October issue (#114) from a friend, and I must tell you that "President Johnson on Madison Avenue" was the funniest thing I have ever read. Keep it up and I might even buy my own copy of MAD.

Denise Cooper
Adrian, Michigan

"President Johnson on Madison Avenue" was fantabulous! It was the funniest thing I have ever read in your magazine. It was fair dinkum!

Paul Wilbee
Scarboro, Ontario

It made me sick! I hope President Johnson reads it and does something about it. Whose side are you on, Bobby Kennedy's?

Mike Doon
Canaan, New York

I've just finished reading "President Johnson on Madison Avenue". It is truly refreshing to note that no one is too powerful or important to escape MAD's satiric clutches. Keep up the great work.

Duane Paetzl
Tracy, Minnesota

We have always enjoyed reading MAD, especially when you satirize the American way of life. But when you attack the prestige of the President of the United States, you are going too far.

William Swards
Huntington, Mass.

I haven't even finished the magazine (#114), but I just wanted to tell you that I enjoyed "President Johnson on Madison Avenue" immensely. Good luck in your new line of business, whatever it may be!

Gregor Owen
New York City

SO HOW COME?

I have just finished reading "So How Come?" in the Oct. issue (#114). I have always found MAD articles to be zany, kooky and enjoyable, but this article was different. "So How Come?" was unusually true, sort of sad, and even touching. It was, as I said, a different sort of article, something I have never seen in MAD before. But I found it a strange and delightful change. Vive le MAD!

Linda Packer
Highland Park, Illinois

If your "So How Come?" article was so great . . . and it was! . . . so how come it was printed in MAD?

Bill Akerlund
Plainfield, New Jersey

If MAD is such a ridiculous, stupid magazine, so how come it keeps making sense to me?

Mark Evanier
Los Angeles, California

SOMBRE

Today, the Western movie has become a psychological study with bits of pompous jargon hurled in between gunplays. It is just about the worst thing that has ever happened to the Western film. Your crusade against this trend, starting off with your brilliant satire of "The Professionals" ("The Amateurs"—MAD #112), and carried on with your recent parody of "Hombre" ("Sombre"—MAD #114), is welcome and badly needed. These two films were both silly in their pretentiousness and sporadic in their action. They merely pretended to be big and rough and tough while wasting most of their time on needless idiotic probings of the psyche. What a bore!

Dale Winogura
Los Angeles, California

So's your letter!—Ed

DR. SEUSS FOR ADULTS

"The Cats Are All Bats—A Dr. Seuss Book For Adults" was the funniest thing in the issue:

Mike Grace
Detroit, Michigan

It amazes me how your writers can capture the exact rhythm, pattern, rhyme scheme, meter and style in your poetry and literature parodies as shown by the past "If Famous Poets Had Written Mother Goose" and the recent "The Cats Are All Bats" by Dr. Seuss. In reference to the last article, I can imagine Bill Gaines asking Al Feldstein, "Do you think he'll Seuss for this?"

Doug Kalish
Stony Brook, N.Y.

The juvenile style in juxtaposition with the adult subject matter is what made it so great!

Bob Vogel
Indianapolis, Indiana

MAD is really great, and I love it. It makes me stop to think about what kind of a world I live in. (I still haven't figured it out!) But don't expect Dr. Seuss to take your suggestion and tackle the subjects of air pollution, birth control, automation, etc. Harmless children's subjects are so much safer. Hurrah for MAD for not always playing it safe! Thanks for speaking out for us!

Gail L. Johnson
Bristol, Wisconsin

MISSING SOMETHING

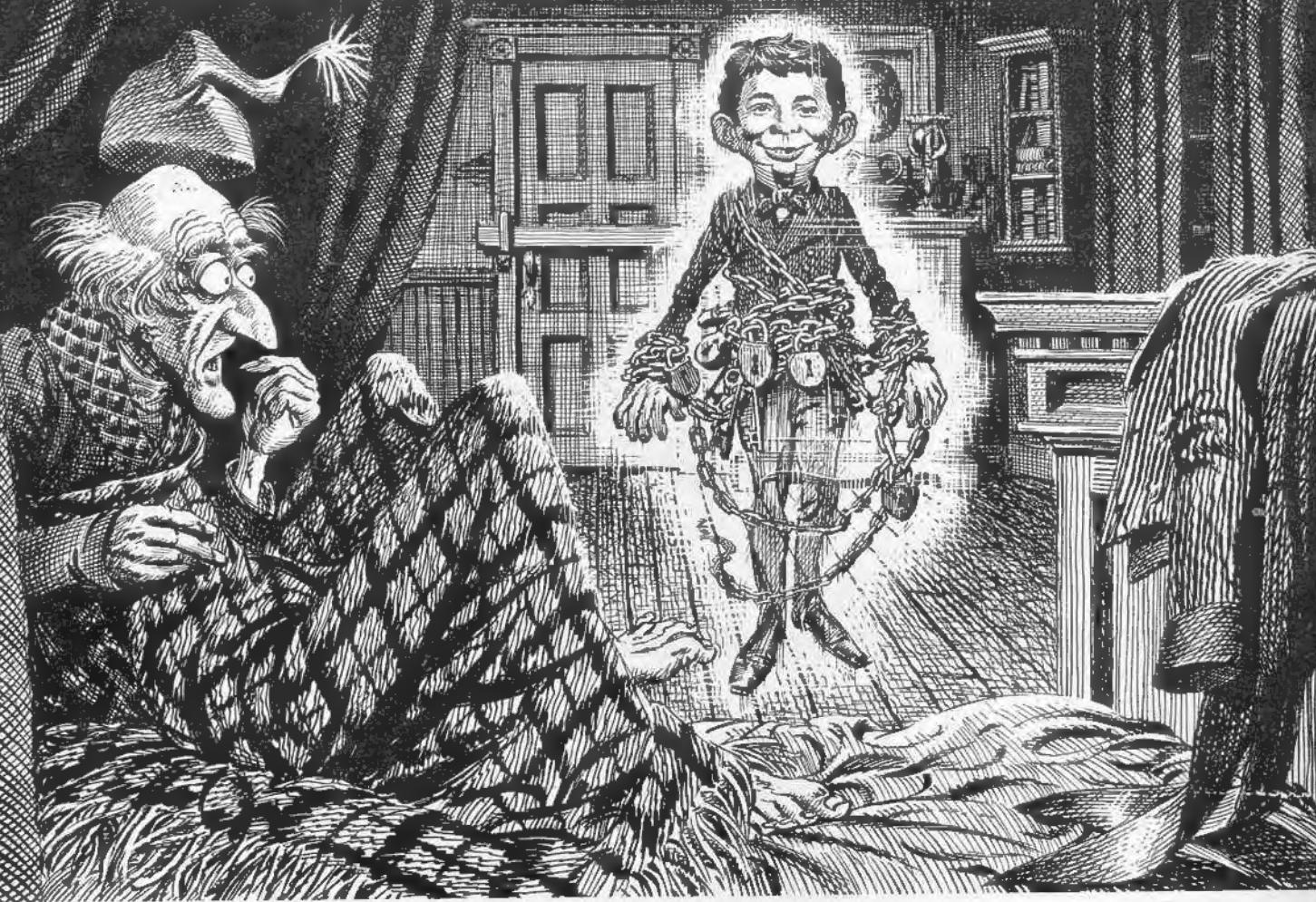
Boy, if you haven't seen my mother and father wrestling over who gets to read my copy of MAD first, you've really been missing something!

Stephanie Handler
Athens, Georgia

Nothing, we're sure, compared to what we'll be missing when they get a load of this letter page!—Ed.

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BUMS AWAY DEPT.

Maybe you haven't noticed it, but the latest trend in movies is the "Anti-Hero". It all started with "HUD", when the usual clean-cut, honest, All-American cowboy hero-type was suddenly replaced by an immoral and conniving crumb. Now, this recent hit war picture has suddenly replaced the usual clean-cut, patriotic, All-American GI hero-types with ugly psychopaths and murderers. Instead of a single slob, Hollywood seems to figure that "Anti-Heroes" are even . . .



Dirtier By

Coleslaw, Joseph!
Crime: Murder!
Sentence: Death
by hanging . . .

Punkley, Vernon!
Crime: Rape and
Murder! Sentence:
Death by hanging!

Psycho, Victor!
Crime: Robbery and
Murder! Sentence:
Death by hanging!

My name: Jose Jimenez!
My Crime: Theenking I
can act! My Sentence:
Getting written out
of thees peecture as
soon as posseeblay!

I am the Avenging Angel, and I
carry out the Lord's punishment
upon those who would defile
the Earth with their wickedness
—by cutting them up in teensy-
weenisy little pieces and—

I'm Samuel
Pansy, and
I'm getting
nauseous
listening
to this nut!

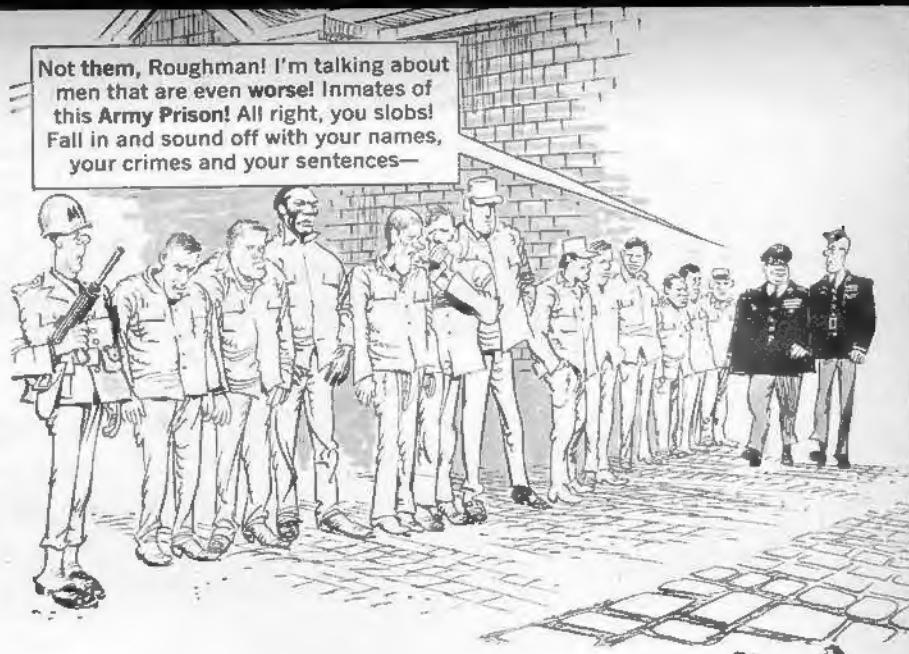


And just what is that premise, Sir?

It has to do with your next assignment, Major! But first, I want you to meet some of the worst degenerates and sick psychopaths this man's Army has ever seen . . .

No, thanks! I've already met your staff!

Not them, Roughman! I'm talking about men that are even worse! Inmates of this Army Prison! All right, you slob! Fall in and sound off with your names, your crimes and your sentences—



The Dozen

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

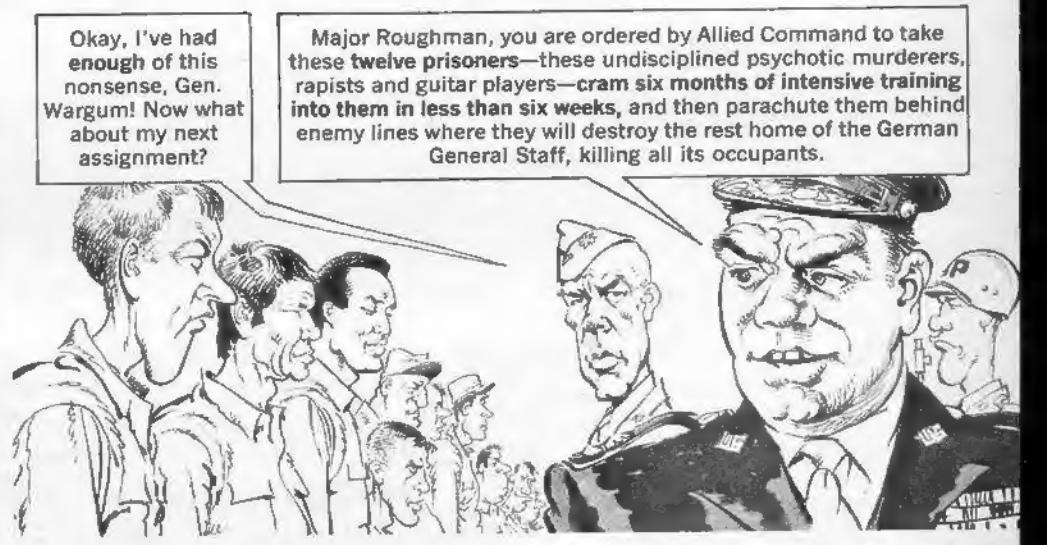
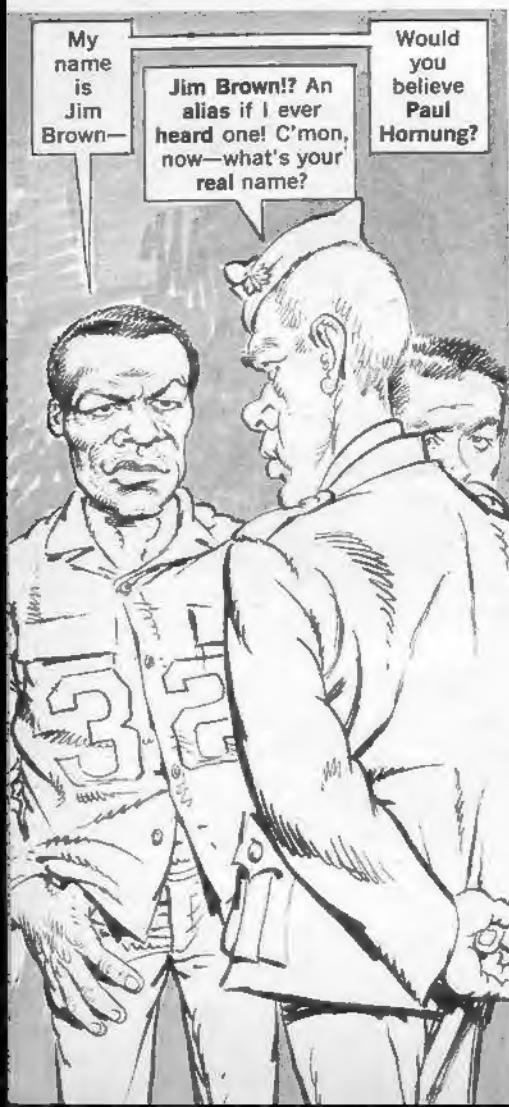
My name is Jim Brown—

Jim Brown! An alias if I ever heard one! C'mon, now—what's your real name?

Would you believe Paul Hornung?

Okay, I've had enough of this nonsense, Gen. Wargum! Now what about my next assignment?

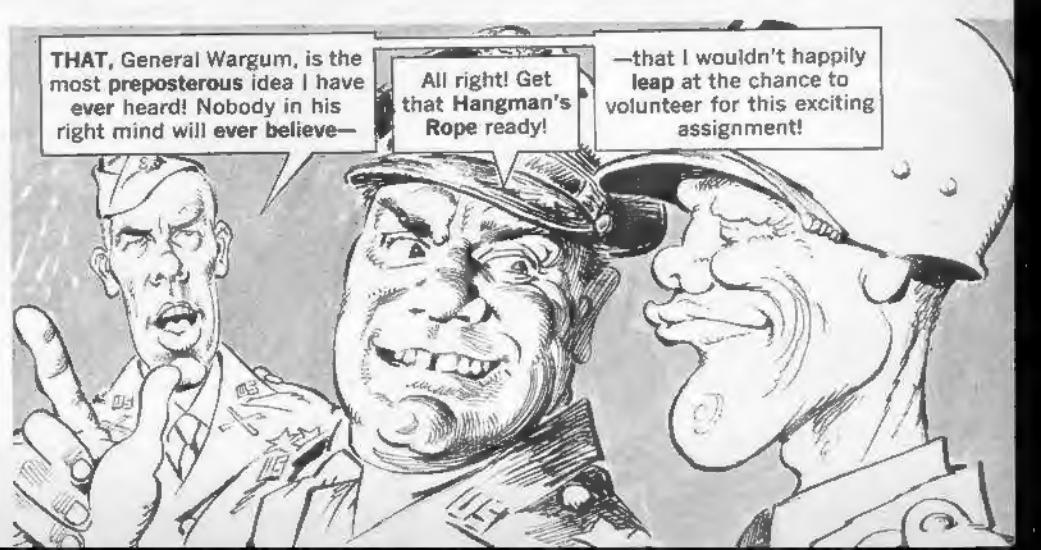
Major Roughman, you are ordered by Allied Command to take these twelve prisoners—these undisciplined psychotic murderers, rapists and guitar players—cram six months of intensive training into them in less than six weeks, and then parachute them behind enemy lines where they will destroy the rest home of the German General Staff, killing all its occupants.



THAT, General Wargum, is the most preposterous idea I have ever heard! Nobody in his right mind will ever believe—

All right! Get that Hangman's Rope ready!

—that I wouldn't happily leap at the chance to volunteer for this exciting assignment!



Hi, guys! I've got a deal for you! The Army will allow you to postpone your death sentences and long prison terms if you'll volunteer to go on a suicide mission!

Man, like we know the rules! Condemned prisoners don't have to go on no missions!

No one said you HAD to go! This is strictly voluntary.

Well, if you put it that way—
GH-A-A-AHH!
I volunteer!

Let me warn you, it's not gonna be any joy ride! Your chances for survival are one in a million... and that's for just getting through the training program!

I hope I can make it through this Orientation Lecture!

Hah! You punks are supposed to be tough killers! Well, you're just amateurs! I'm going to teach you the proper way to kill—and when I'm done, you'll know how to cut a man's throat or crush his skull quickly, silently and efficiently!

Gee, the Army ain't so bad after all! I'm gonna learn a trade!

Okay, let's get him back to his cell!

One of you guards, take his feet—

—and one of you guards, take his head—

—and one of you guards, take his torso—

—and see if you can put the whole mess back together again!



Men, this deserted patch of woods will be your new home for the next six weeks. If any of you cruds tries to escape, I'll blow his brains out, and the rest will be shipped right back to prison for completion of their sentences! In other words, you men will be ON YOUR HONOR...

...just as if you WEREN'T 12 criminally insane GI's!

Take over, Sgt. Jerkle!

Okay, the first job will be to put up five buildings! These will be erected in order of importance! First, Major Roughman's quarters... second, the Psychiatrist's quarters... third, the M.P.'s quarters... fourth, the Latrine... and fifth—your quarters!

We rank AFTER the Latrine . . . ?

That means we're lower than . . .

You guessed it!

Boy, they certainly know how to bolster our egos!



Men, my name is Capt. Ralph Shriner. I'm the Army Psychiatrist. I'm going to show you an ink blot and I want each of you to tell me what it reminds you of!

Punkley . . . ?

Psycho . . . ?

Jimenez . . . ?

It looks like a wild boar rooting up some fat dame's guts!

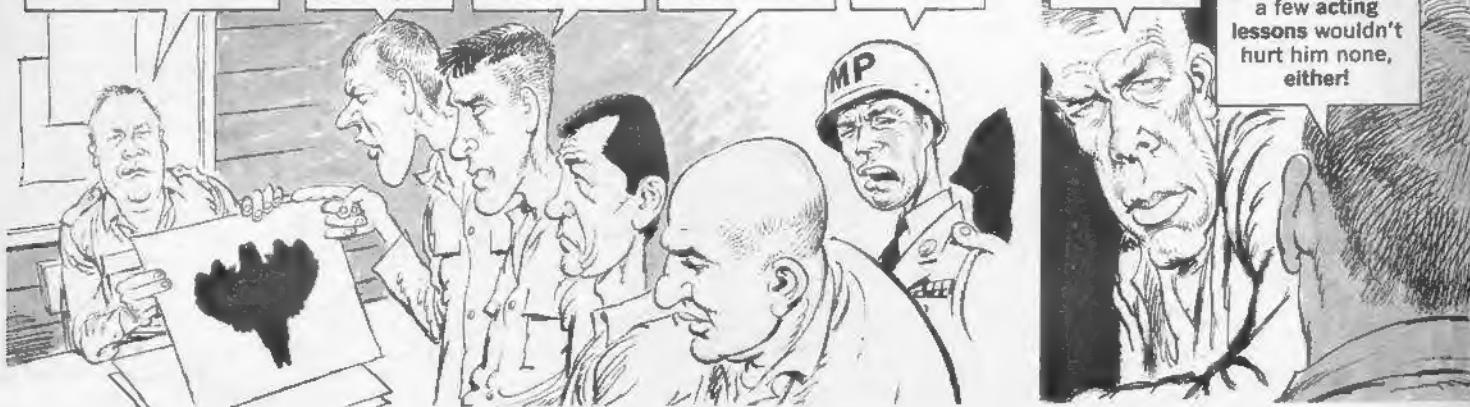
It looks like two Mafia guys taking some squealer for a last ride!

Eet look like a lovely senorita strangling her caballero weeth a guitar string!

What's the matter with you guys?! You're all sick! It's a butterfly on a flower!

Well, Capt. Shriner? You've made some tests! How do they shape up . . . emotionally?

The men are just fine, Major! Perfectly normal! But that M.P. Sergeant—Jerkle? He's in desperate need of help! And a few acting lessons wouldn't hurt him none, either!



Forget that crummy fink Sergeant! It's the men I'm worried about! They're still acting as individuals, and not functioning as a "team"! They need something to bind them together, like a name or a slogan!

How about "If we don't all hang together, we'll all hang separately!"?

That's the corniest, most ridiculous slogan I ever heard!

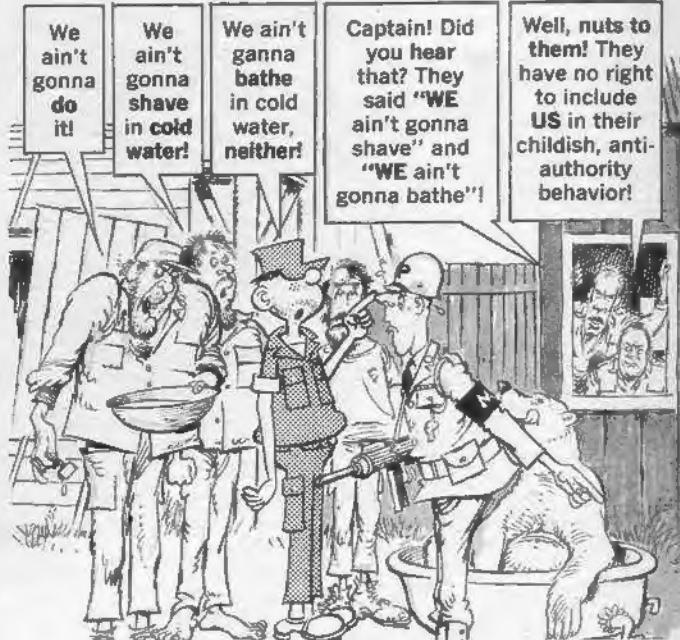
We ain't gonna do it!

We ain't gonna shave in cold water!

We ain't gonna bathe in cold water, neither!

Captain! Did you hear that? They said "WE ain't gonna shave" and "WE ain't gonna bathe"!

Well, nuts to them! They have no right to include US in their childish, anti-authority behavior!



We've got trouble out here, Major!

The MP's have hot water! We ain't shavin' or washin' until we have hot water, too!

We don't care if we smell like rotten eggs!

Okay, DON'T wash and DON'T shave and SMELL like rotten eggs! And that's what we'll call you slobs—

**THE
DIRTY
DOZEN
ROTTEN
EGGS!**

Hey, guys! We got a name! We got identity!

"The Dirty Dozen Rotten Eggs"! Gee, my folks'll be so proud of me!

I thought belonging to the Cosa Nostra was great, but this...



Well, Major, you molded those men into one unit, all right... one STINKING, FOUL-SMELLING UNIT!

Yep! Their training is finished! And to reward them, I've thrown them a party, complete with girls from the bar in town.

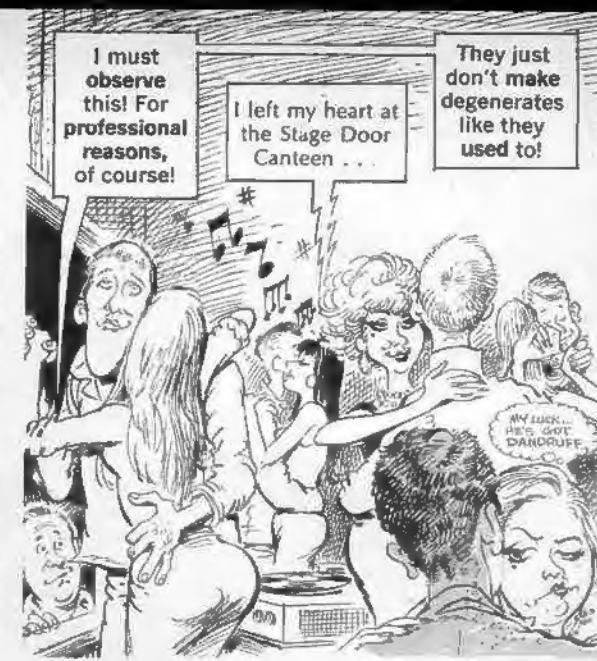
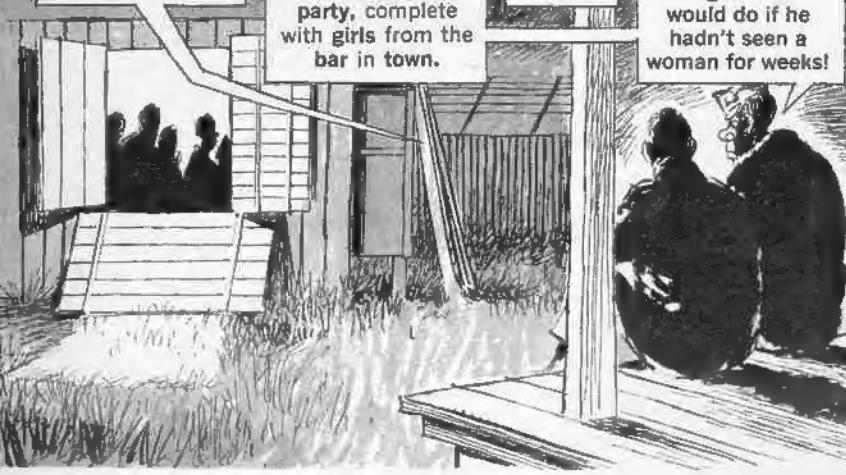
Hmmm! I wonder what they're doing in there!

What any normal red-blooded degenerate would do if he hadn't seen a woman for weeks!

I must observe this! For professional reasons, of course!

I left my heart at the Stage Door Canteen ...

They just don't make degenerates like they used to!



Okay, men! This is it! The mission I've trained you for all these weeks! I only hope you don't chicken out when it comes to jumping into enemy territory with your parachutes!

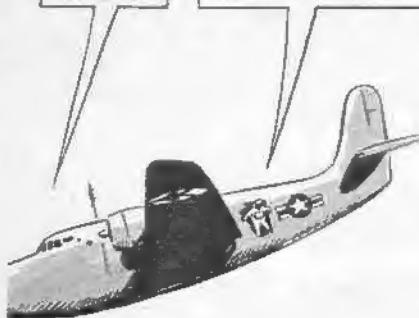
Are you kidding, Major? After last night, we'd jump into enemy territory WITHOUT our parachutes for you!

Hey, Maggotty! You're the "religious fanatic"! Say a few words before we jump!

Sure!
"Now I lay me down to sleep..."

We're over the target, Major! Get ready to jump...

Okay, you Dirty Dozen Rotten Eggs! Here we go! On the way down, I want you to repeat the plan for the last time!



One...
Two...

Three...
Four...

Five...
Six...

Seven...
Eight...

Nine...
Ten...

Storm the Chatoo!

Blast open the door!

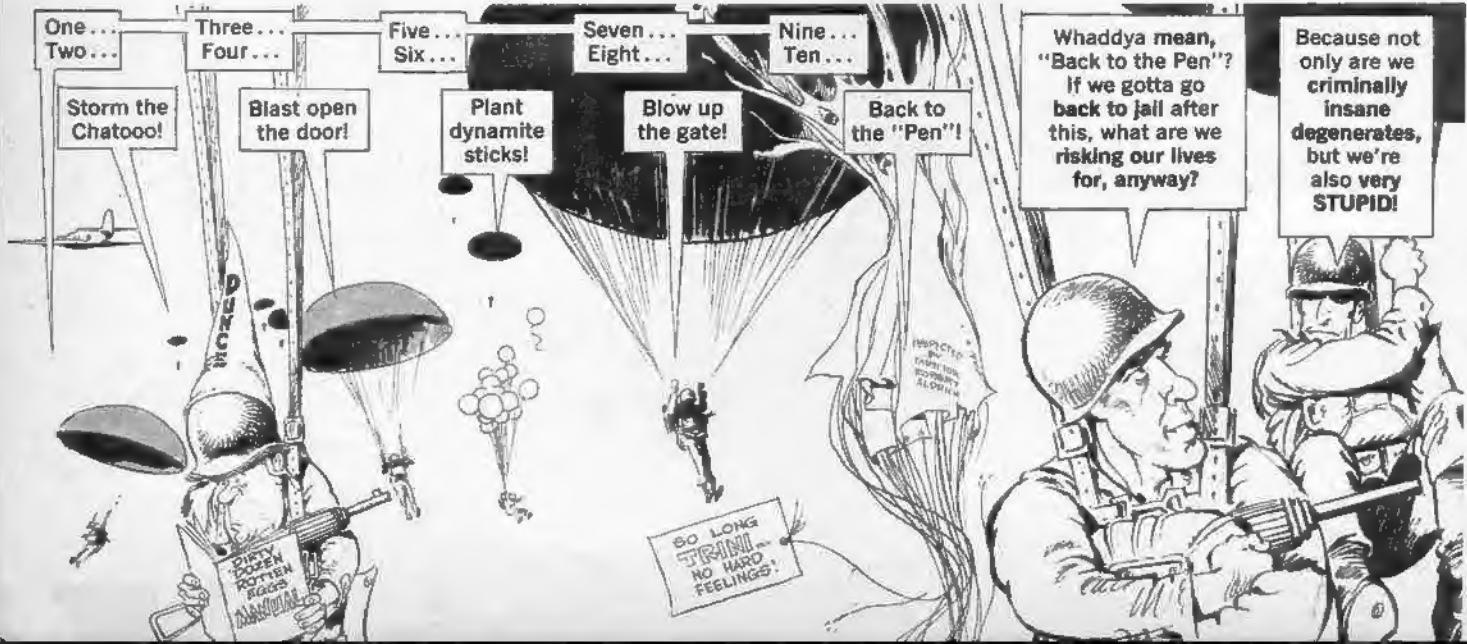
Plant dynamite sticks!

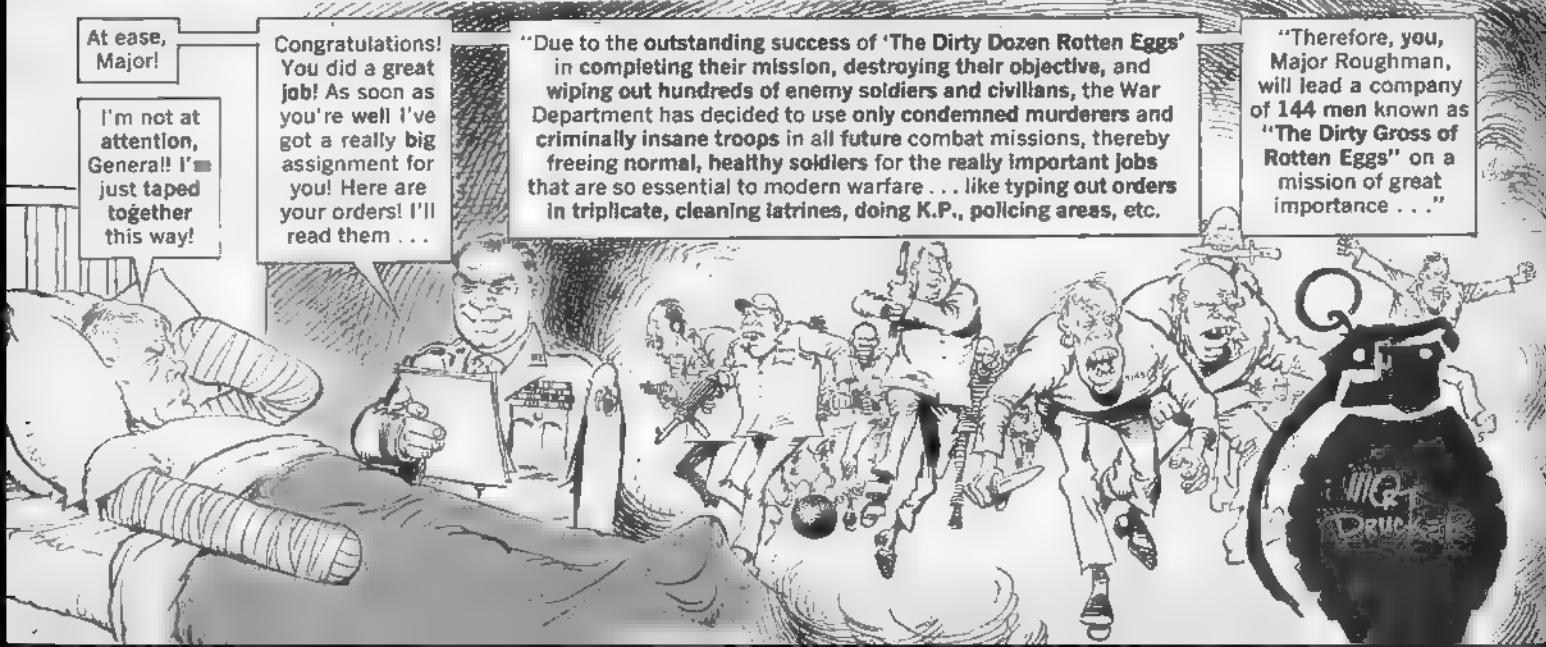
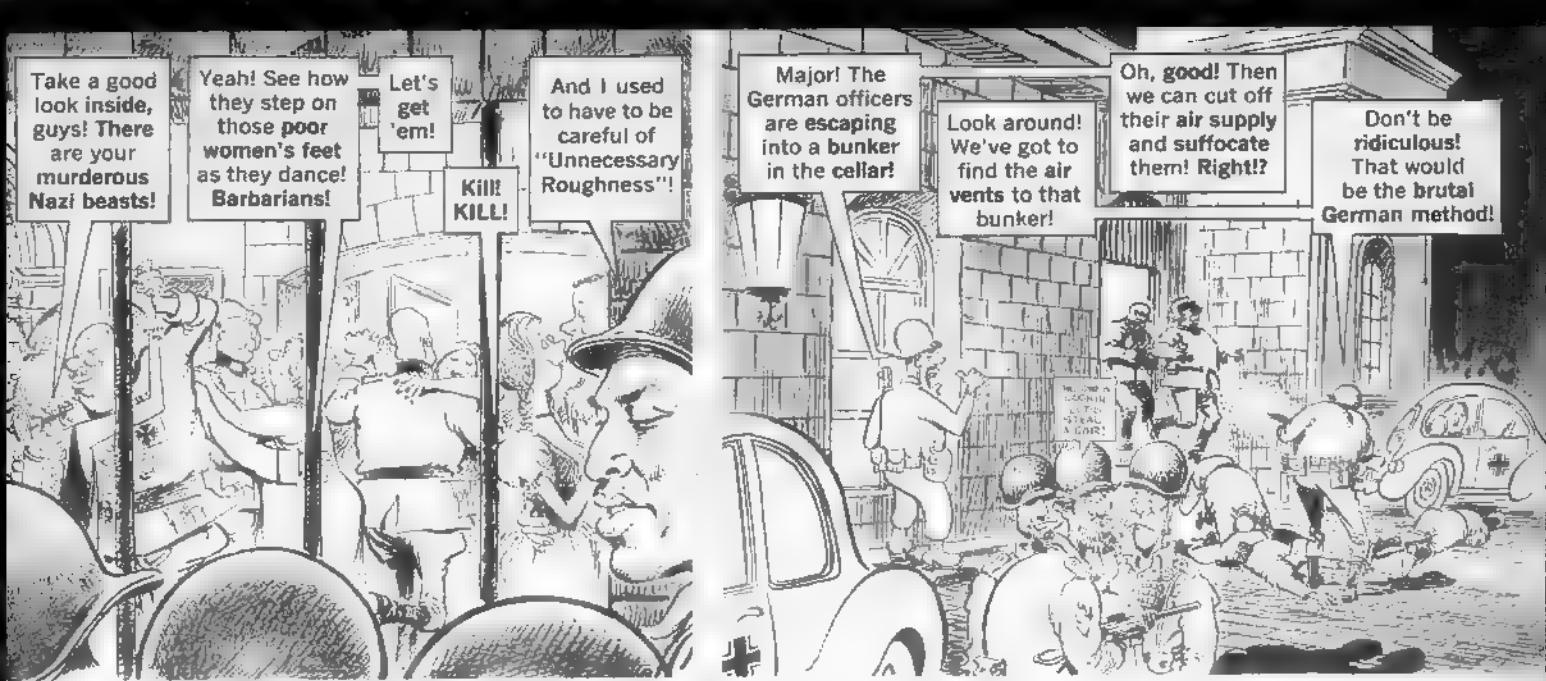
Blow up the gate!

Back to the "Pen"!

Whaddya mean, "Back to the Pen"? If we gotta go back to jail after this, what are we risking our lives for, anyway?

Because not only are we criminally insane degenerates, but we're also very STUPID!





SEASON'S GRATINGS DEPT.

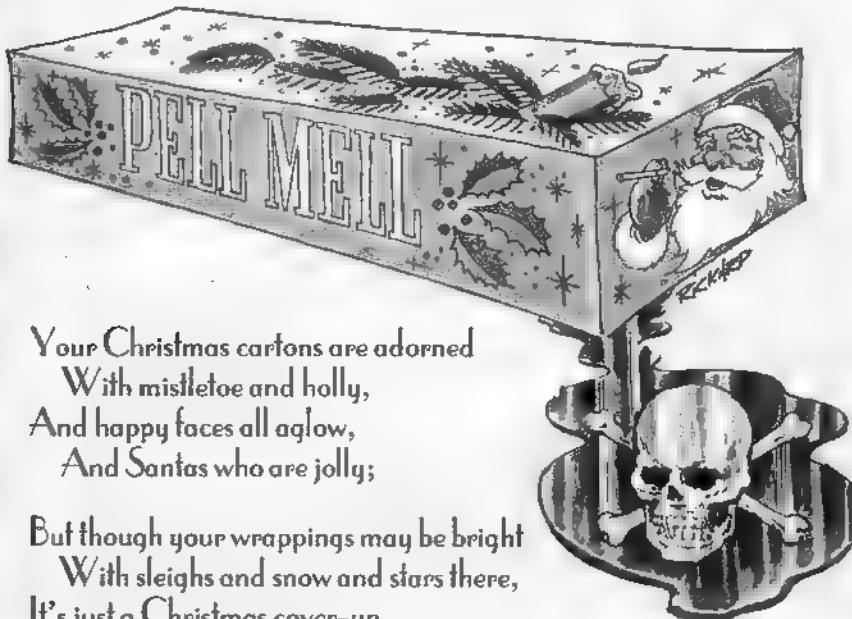
Every year, people send Christmas cards to friends, acquaintances and loved ones. Well, we at MAD say this is wrong! Cards should really be sent to the folks who make Christmas the distinctive holiday it is

MAD'S CHRISTMAS CARDS



WRITER:

To The Cigarette Industry



Your Christmas cartons are adorned
With mistletoe and holly,
And happy faces all aglow,
And Santas who are jolly;

But though your wrappings may be bright
With sleighs and snow and stars there,
It's just a Christmas cover-up
For all those killing tars there!

To My Apartment House Superintendent



Today you fixed my bathroom pipes
(They burst last May, you know);
You then replaced the window
That fell out ~~in~~ weeks ago;

You help me with my packages;
You greet me on the street;
I'm glad that there's a Christmas time,
Or else we'd never meet!

To Our Garbagemen

A trail of dirty coffee-grounds
Extends from our back door;
Our lawn is strewn with chicken-bones
And egg-shells by the score;



Today you came at 5 a.m.
To make your noisy haul:
It's just your way of telling us
Your Christmas tip's too small!

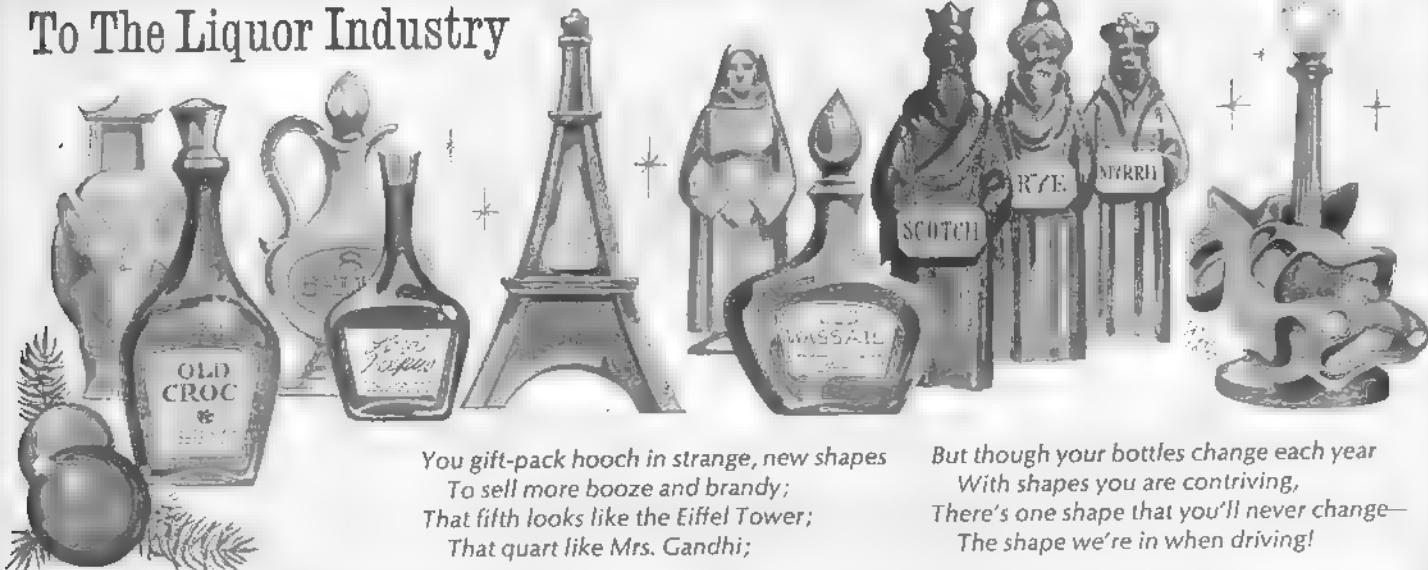


—namely the workmen, companies and industries that *exploit* us! It is these profit-hungry groups who deserve our most heart-felt sentiments. So why not give them what they deserve . . . from this selection of . . .

TO SEASONAL EXPLOITERS

FRANK JACOBS

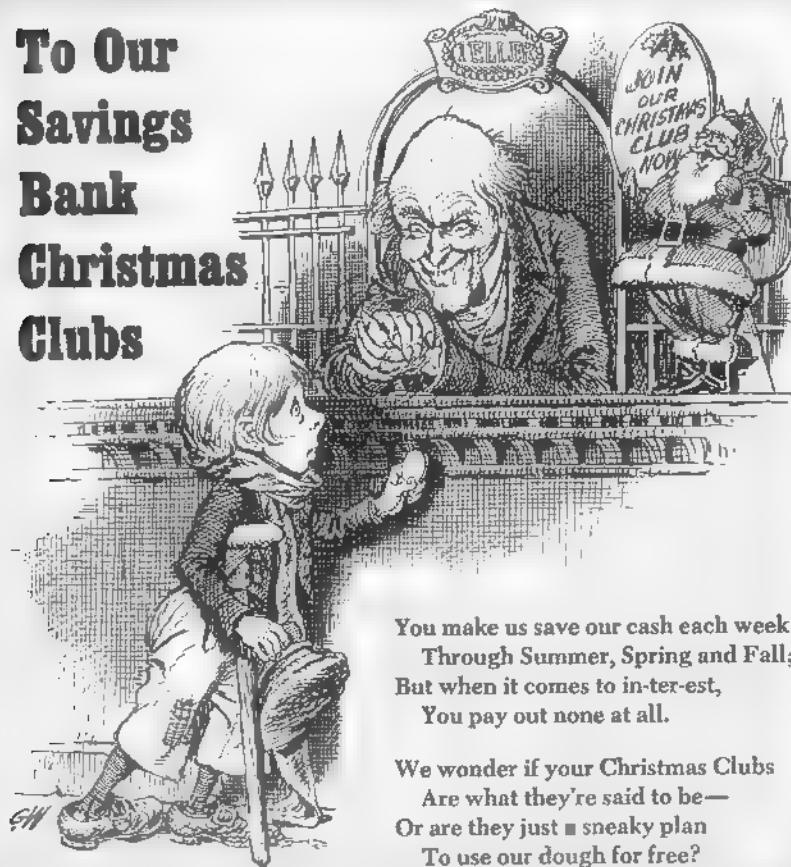
To The Liquor Industry



You gift-pack hooch in strange, new shapes
To sell more booze and brandy;
That fifth looks like the Eiffel Tower;
That quart like Mrs. Gandhi;

But though your bottles change each year
With shapes you are contriving,
There's one shape that you'll never change—
The shape we're in when driving!

To Our Savings Bank Christmas Clubs



You make us save our cash each week
Through Summer, Spring and Fall;
But when it comes to in-ter-est,
You pay out none at all.

We wonder if your Christmas Clubs
Are what they're said to be—
Or are they just a sneaky plan
To use our dough for free?

To The Publishers Of "Gift Books"



Give a book for Xmas
we need the dough.

Your "Treasury of Lapland Songs"
Is priced at 20 bucks;
For \$16.50 folks can own
"The Golden Age of Trucks".

Though idiots may buy these books,
The smarter ones will wait
Till after Christmas when they're marked
A dollar ninety-eight!

TO THE KIDS' SHOWS ON TV



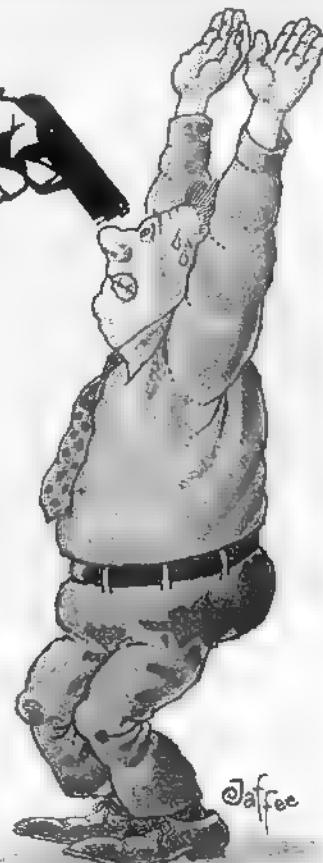
While Dad is working ■ to 5
And slaving through the day,
You guys are working on his kid
To grab Dad's hard-earned pay.

The kid is flunking out at school;
He's dumb as a baboon;
Yet he remembers every toy
You plug each afternoon!

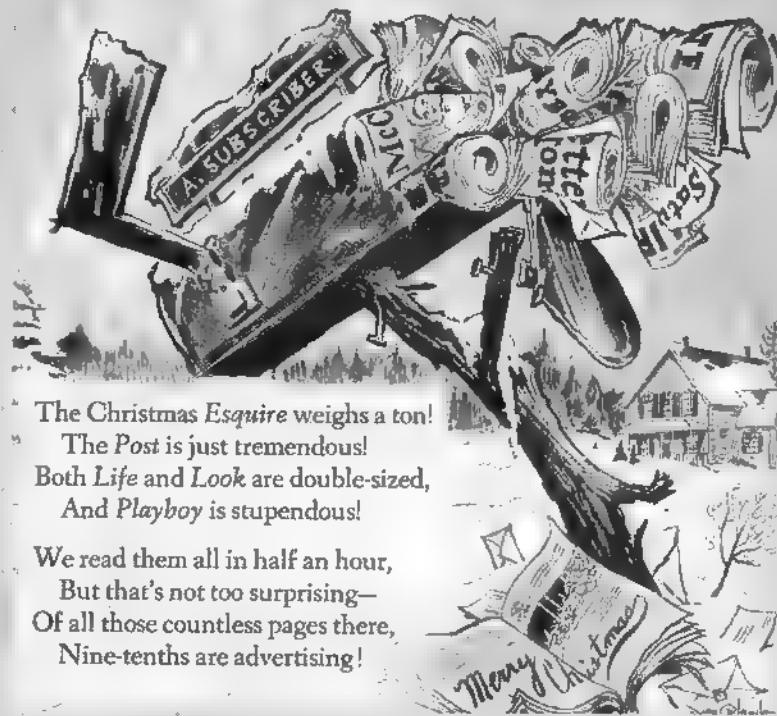
To Our Electric Companies

A brand-new range, ■ Frigidaire,
A washer or a dryer—
Your ads this year are full of things
To tempt the Christmas buyer;

We'd buy these new appliances
Except for one deterrent—
The seven hundred bucks a year
You'd charge us for the current!



To Our Magazine Publishers



The Christmas Esquire weighs a ton!
The Post is just tremendous!
Both Life and Look are double-sized,
And Playboy is stupendous!

We read them all in half an hour,
But that's not too surprising—
Of all those countless pages there,
Nine-tenths are advertising!

To Charity Organizations

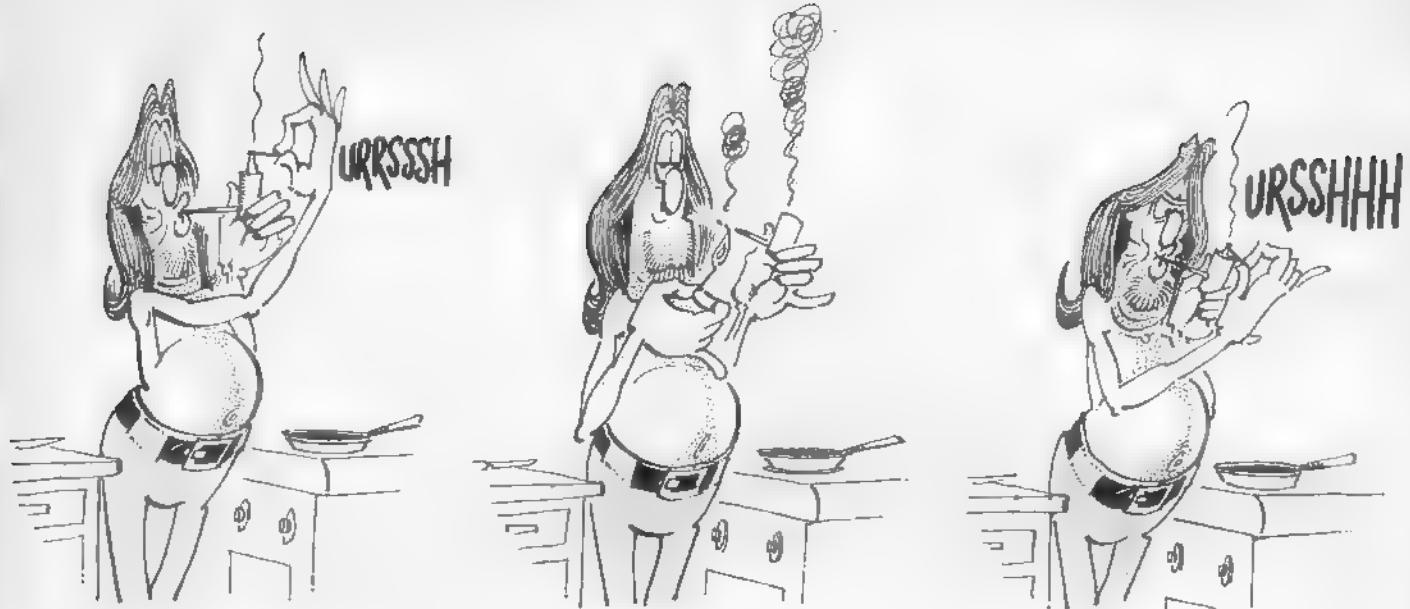


We mail you checks at Christmas time
For dogs who've lost their collars,
For teeny-boppers on relief,
For homeless Kansas scholars,

We give to all your charities,
We never raise ■ fuss,
And now that you have bled us dry,
Please set up one for us!

A SAN FRANCISCO TRIP





BRATS MY LINE DEPT.



Hi, Show-Biz-MAD fans! It's "Hypothetical Interview" time again. I'm ■ hypothetical Steve Allen here in the offices of the William Morris Ashley Theatrical Artists Agency, about to conduct an imaginary interview with Mr. "Bullets" Ashley himself, the Editor's choice for . . .

MAD'S THEATRICAL AGENT OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: BRUCE STARK

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Bullets, I understand that you represent some really big names in Show Business.

The BIGGEST, Steve! There's Sinatra, Crosby, Martin, Lewis . . . just to mention a few!

Wow! That's a lot of talent! Frank . . . Bing . . . Dean . . . Jerry!

Who's talking about TALENT? My clients are NANCY Sinatra, GARY Crosby, GAIL Martin and GARY Lewis!



I tried to stop him, Mr. Ashley!

You've got to give me a chance! I'm a singer! I've been singing all my life!

You come from a Show Business FAMILY?

Gee, no . . .

Sorry, kid, we're not auditioning today!

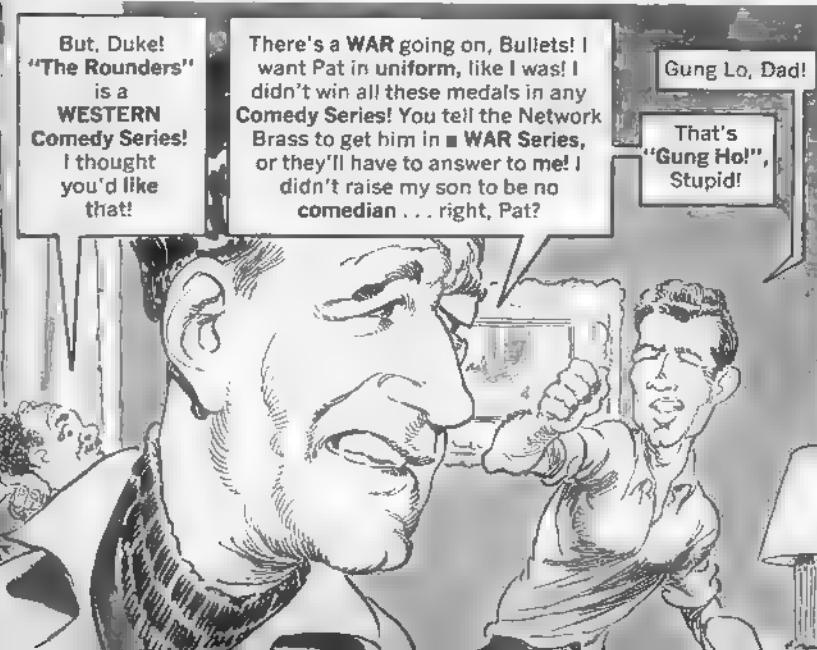
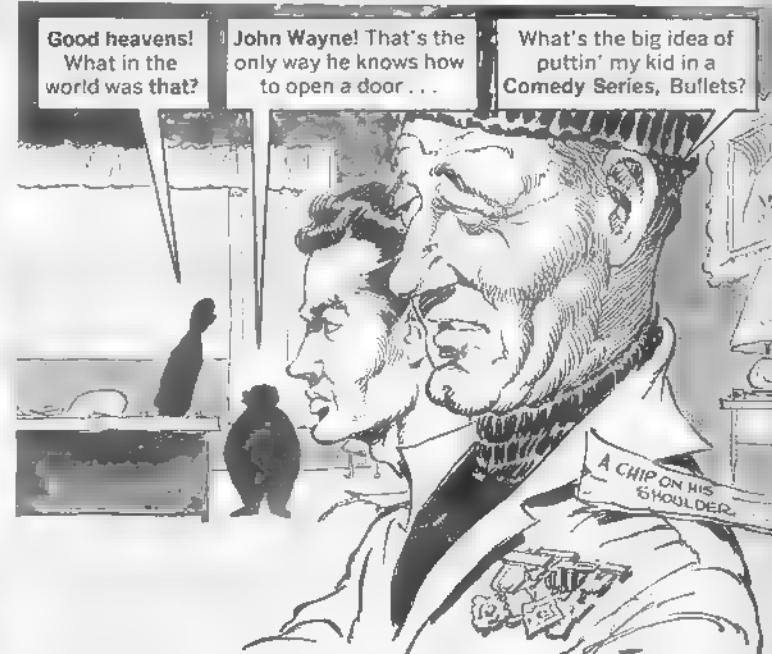
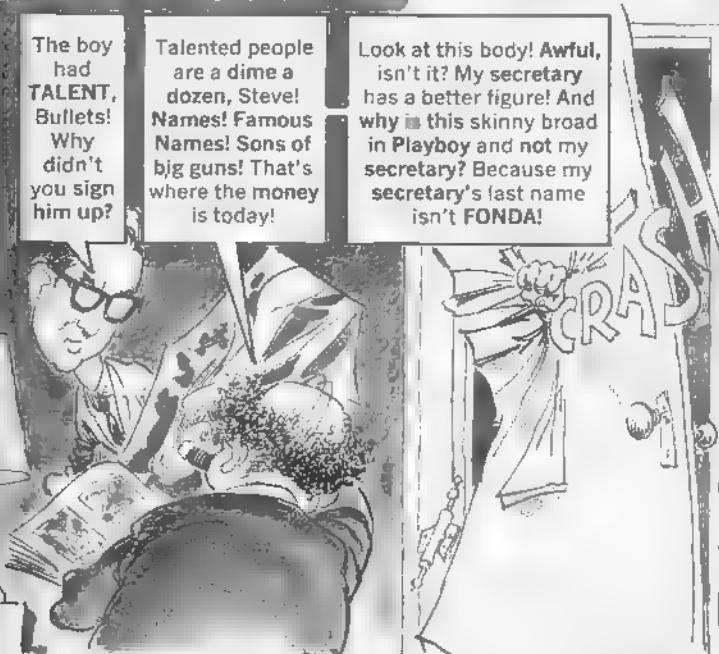
But I can really sing! Just listen to this . . .

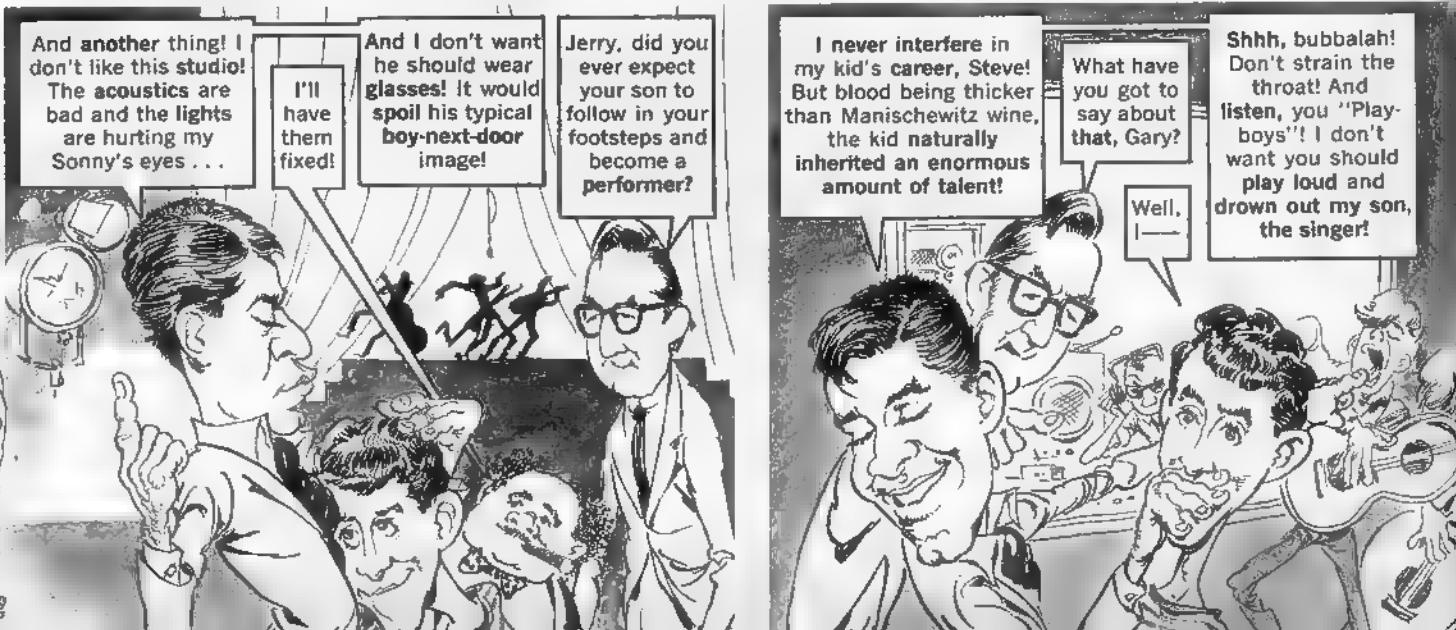
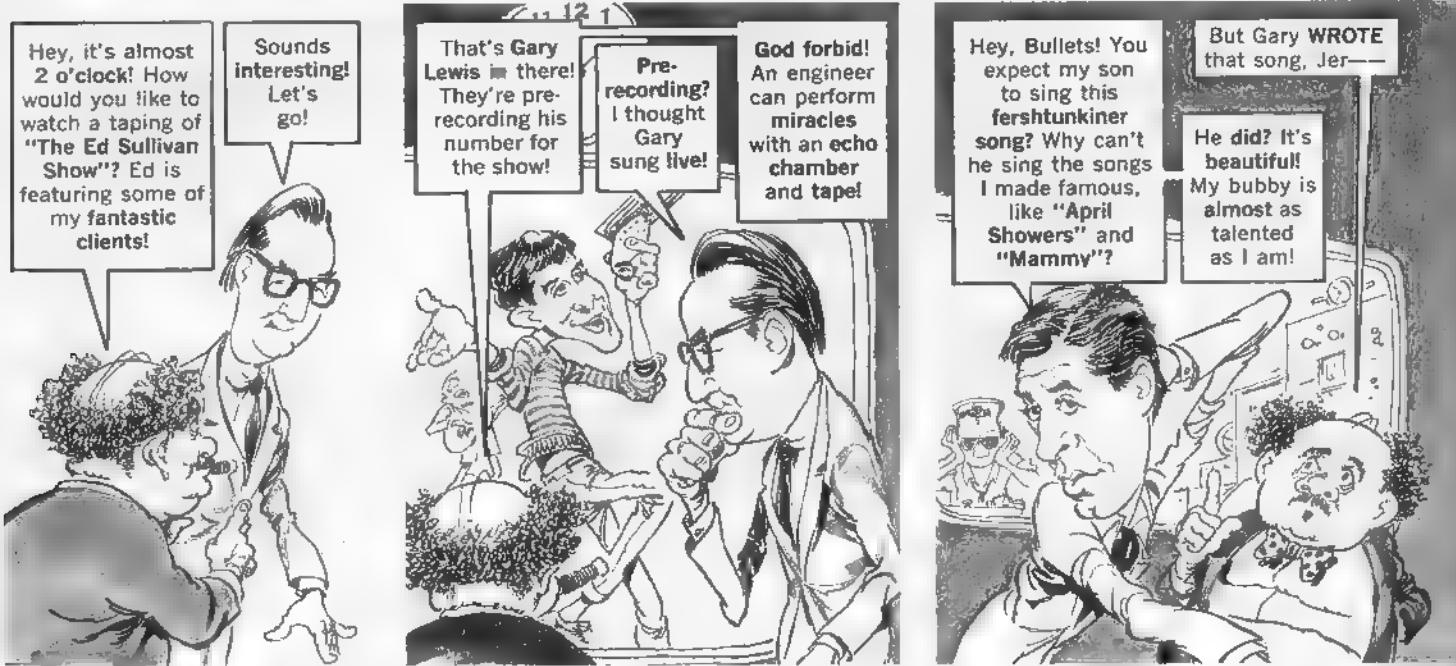
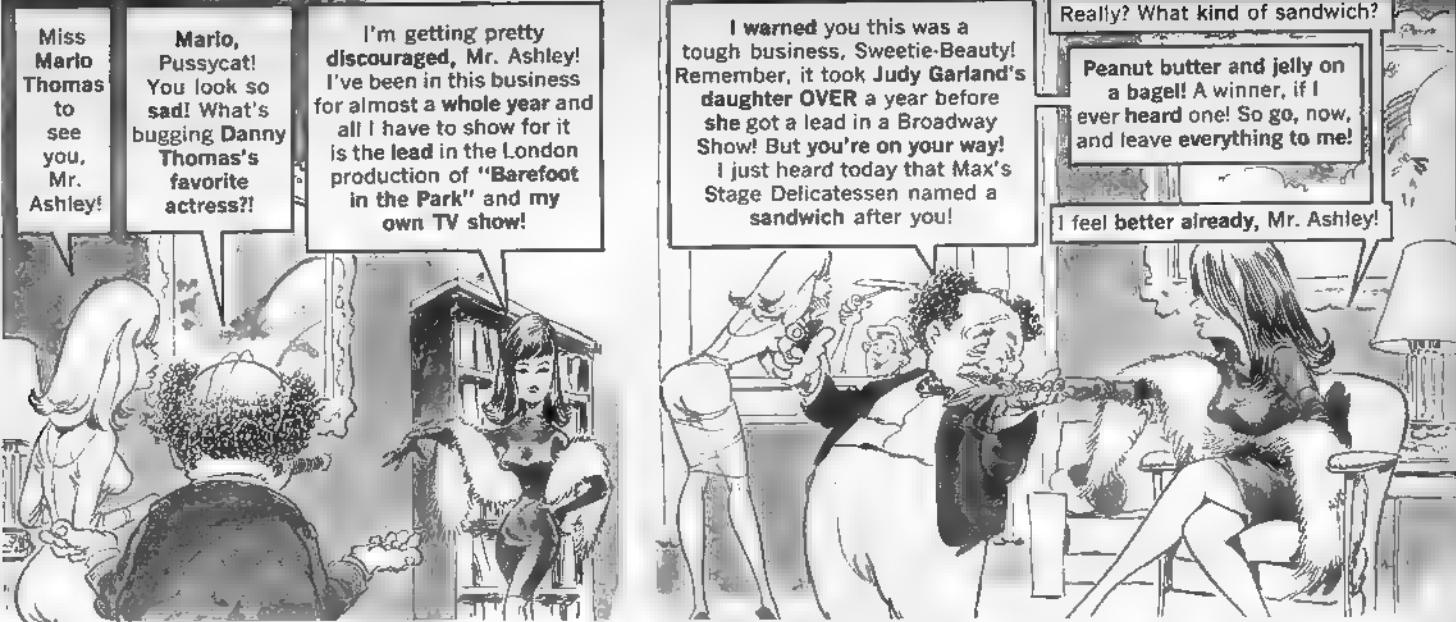
To dream the impossible dream, To fight the unbeatable foe . . .

Hey! The boy has a great voice!

I'm a busy man, kid! Leave your name with my secretary . . .







Let's go, Steve!
Peter Fonda and
Nancy Sinatra
are on next . . .

That's a strange
pairing! What
kind of act do
they do?

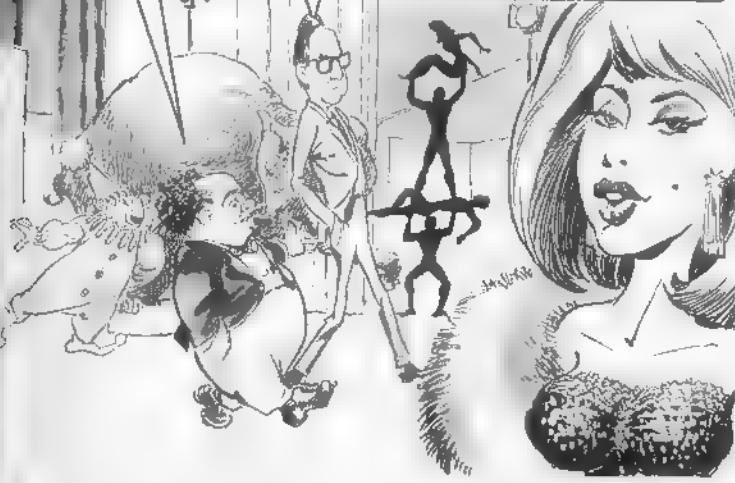
No act! Ed offered them a
measly ten grand apiece!
For that kind of chicken
feed, he only gets to
plug their latest movie!

And now, for all you youngsters
around the country . . . Nancy
Sinatra and Peter Fonda in some
scenes from their really great
picture, "The Wilder Angels"—

So let's
hear it
for Peter
and
Nancy . . .

Sieg
heil!

Burn,
baby!
Burn!



Sheep, like, Man!
This stomping bit
is the greatest!
Almost as much fun
as smoking pot!

C'mon! Let's
cut out and
put the burn
on some Fuzz!

I dig you!
We'll beat
'em with
chains! Yeah,
yeah, yeah!

Wasn't that great, folks?
Those are two of the nicest
kids I've ever met. Be sure
and buy Nancy's latest hit
record, "These Boots Are
Gonna Mash In Your Head"!
And now, for our really
big finale . . .

Bullets, isn't the
public being
cheated by having
to watch these
kids with nothing
to offer but their
parents' names?

Look at it this way,
Steve. If a man owns
a factory, he takes
his kid into the firm,
right? So what's so
different about
Show Biz?



I guess you're right,
Bullets! In that case,
would you mind . . . ?

Be my
guest,
Steve!

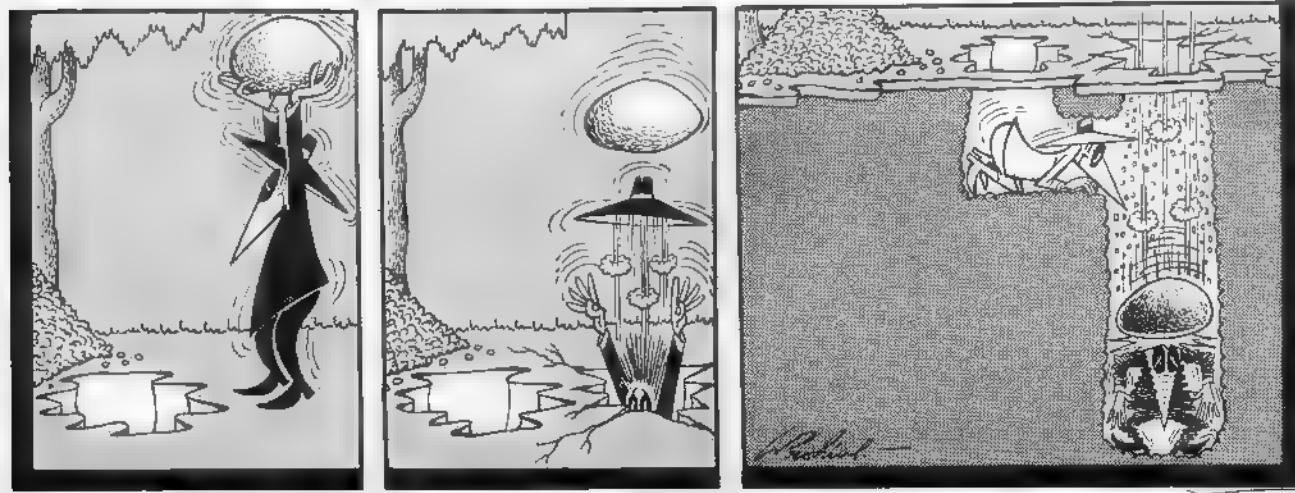
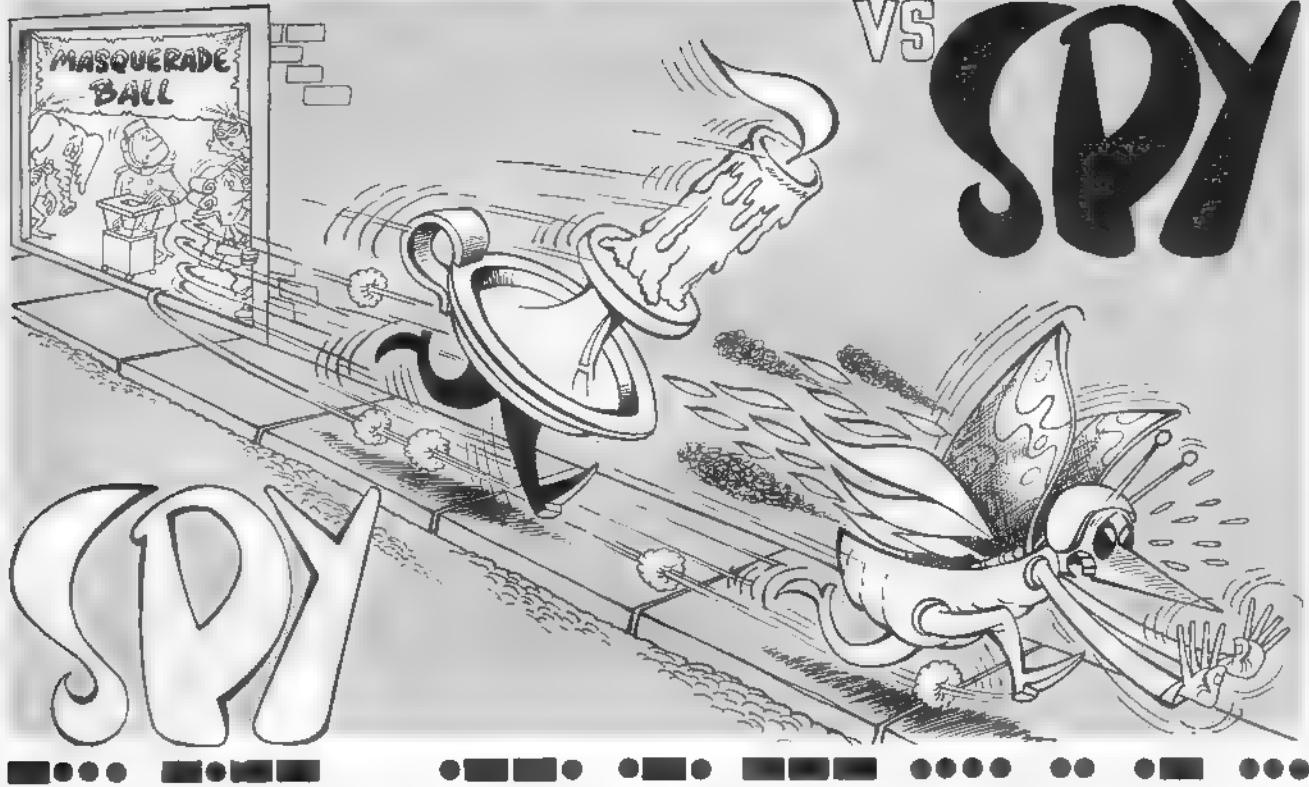
Okay, kid! Here's
your big chance!
Knock 'em dead!

Th-this is S-Steve Allen, Jr.,
signing off for M-MAD Magazine!

My son, the
Celebrity!!



JOKE & DAGGER DEPT.



HIP-POCKETFUL OF DREAMS DEPT.

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER "MAD" VERSION OF THE CONTENTS OF...

A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

WRITER:
ARNIE KOGEN

My darling Timmy,

What's happening to my son?

You used to be such a nice sensible boy--a college professor at Harvard--I was so proud of you. But now you've changed. I don't understand you any more. What's gotten into you?

I write you a civil letter asking how you are--and all I get back is a package of sugar cubes and a note filled with nonsense about "freak outs" and "vibrations" and "visions" and "voyages" and "expanding spiritual horizons". I'll expand your spiritual horizons for you--right over your head! You keep this up and I'll come to Millbrook and give you such vibrations, you'll see visions for two weeks from my vibrations.

So you'd better shape up and be a good boy. And remember, no matter what kind of trouble you're in, I still love you. I know that basically you never meant any harm.

Mother

P.S. I just had my tea--and I used your sugar cubes! Whoopie!!



CITY OF MILLBROOK, NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TRAFFIC
Name TIMOTHY LEARY Date 1/2/67

Nature of Traffic Violation EXCEEDING SPEED LIMIT DOWN MAIN ST. SMASHING INTO FIRE HYDRANT CAREENING 6 FEET IN THE AIR, PLOWING THROUGH CROWD OF PEDESTRIANS AND CRASHING THROUGH A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW.

Arresting Officer: B. S. Snoot
Shield No. 784
Comments by Arresting Officer:
SUBJECT WAS NOT DRIVING A CAR AT THE TIME!

Copake Church Supply Co.

Peekskill, New York

Dr. Timothy Leary
Minister
League for Spiritual Discovery
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Dr. Leary:

Thank you for your recent order. We supply church equipment for all major religious denominations and, although we have not previously heard of your "League for Spiritual Discovery", we will make every effort to meet your specifications. Shipment should be completed within 3-4 weeks.

However, there is one unusual item that disturbs us. Perhaps you will be good enough to satisfy our curiosity. We don't know what kind of services you conduct, but would you please explain why you ordered pews with seat belts?

Sincerely yours,
Millard Traymore
Millard Traymore
Sales Director

I. Walter Doyle & Dane Bernbach Thompson
ADVERTISING AGENCY
666 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Timothy Leary
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

Thank you for your letter outlining methods for bringing the United Fruit Company's advertising campaign up to date.

We are sorry to inform you that a cigar company is already using the slogan you suggested, and therefore it would be inappropriate for "Chiquita Banana" to say: "Why don't you pick me up and smoke me some time?"

As for your other suggestion, although you may be quite right in asserting that LSD is colorless, odorless, non-addictive and most beneficial, we do not see what can be gained by conducting a "challenge race" between LSD and Bufferin to see which gets into the bloodstream fastest.

However, thank you for thinking of us.

Sincerely yours,
Alan Goldman
Alan Goldman
Account Executive

NAME Dr. Timothy Leary *

ADDRESS Millbrook, N.Y. @*

OCCUPATION Professor, Lecturer,
Mind Bender, Prince of Pot, High
Priest of LSD and Messiah. *

* IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:

Anybody but the F.U.Z.Z! They could
never "tune in" on my vibrations! *

Female: *
Here is the Menus for tomorrow. Please see
to it that all items are included, as I have
carefully calculated these meals to meet the
minimum daily adult requirements. *
Y.L. *

BREAKFAST

Chilled Morning
Glory Seed Juice
Heroin Hot Cakes
LSD Omelette
Morphine Toast
Tea

LUNCH

Airplane Glue Soup
Hashish Salad
LSD Burger
French Fried Hemp
Poppy Seed Pudding
Tea

DINNER

LSD Cocktail
Sacred Mushroom Soup
Marijuana Marinara
Choice of:
"Pot" Roast
"Pot" Pie
or
"Pot" Cheese
Peyote Popovers
Tea

MIDNIGHT SNACK

LSD Cookies
and Milk

HARMS MUSIC PUBLISHING, INC.
Brill Building, New York City

Dear Mr. Leary:

In answer to your recent inquiry,
the phrase you are referring to is
from a Cole Porter song, copyright
1935, entitled "Just One Of Those
Things".

As far as we can determine, Mr.
Porter had no actual basis in scientific
fact for using the phrase,
and it is NOT possible to take "a
trip to the moon on gossamer wings"!

Thank you for your interest.

Very truly yours,
Norman Blagman
Norman Blagman
Research Dept.



Mutual OF OMAHA



Mr. Timothy Leary
Millbrook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Leary

We are in receipt of your air mail special delivery letter requesting immediate coverage for you and the 23 members of your group in the amount of \$250,000 (the maximum) each.

Before we can underwrite such a policy, we will need some additional information:

(1) Would you please tell us exactly what kind of "Flight Insurance" you had in mind?

(2) Do you plan on flying together as a group, or separately?

(3) Is this Flight Insurance for one round-trip, or do you and your group plan on making more than one trip each year? In which case, would you want to be covered?

(4) How about one-way trips? Will there be any?

Awaiting your prompt reply, I remain

Very truly yours,
Al State
Al State
New Policy Dept.

LEAGUE FOR SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY

Sanctuary For Psychedelic Scholars Millbrook, New York

MEMO TO: Dr. Timothy Leary

FROM: Carmine Flippo, Student

Last night, I took my first "LSD trip". You promised me that I would experience breathtaking beauty, divine energy, a spiritual awakening, a sensual unfolding and incredible ecstasy. Instead, all I got was like this tremendous pain in my head. Should I take an aspirin?

Don't be a fool, Carmine! We still don't know exactly how aspirin works, and whether it can be harmful if taken indiscriminately. *

CF *

Works, and whether it can be harmful if taken *

indiscriminately. *

* Dr. L. *

BERG'S EYE-VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... FRIENDSHIP



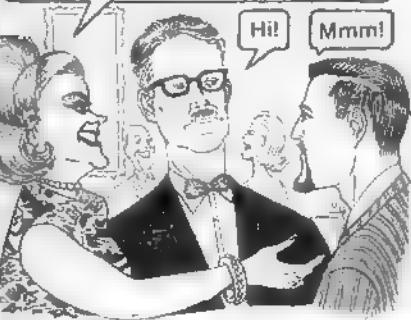
You two charming boys must meet! I just know you're going to adore each other and develop an instant and lasting friendship because you both have the same tastes! Sweet Marvin Glusk, I want you to meet darling George Moogie . . .

I'm going to leave you two brilliant conversationalists alone now so you can discuss some vital and exciting topic, and become better acquainted! See you later! Toodle-oo!

Er—uh—ah . . . Tell me, what do you think of our hostess?

I think she's a MEDDLESOME OLD WITCH!

SHAKE!! HI, BUDDY!!



What I just told you was in the strictest confidence! As a true friend, I know you'll keep it to yourself!

Of course! You can count on me! Now that you've talked out, I'm sure you'll feel better!

What did he tell you? Huh? What? What did he say? What . . . ?

I can't tell you!

I can understand that he must have told you some deep, dark secret and as a loyal friend, you won't repeat it! I admire you for that! But I'M YOUR WIFE, YOU CAN TELL ME!

I'm sorry! I can't tell you!

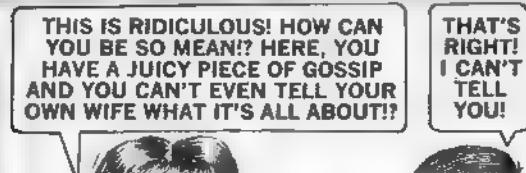
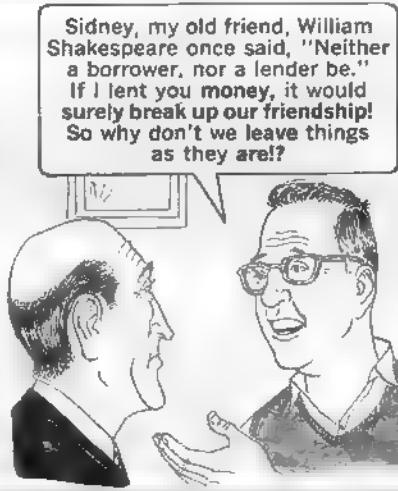
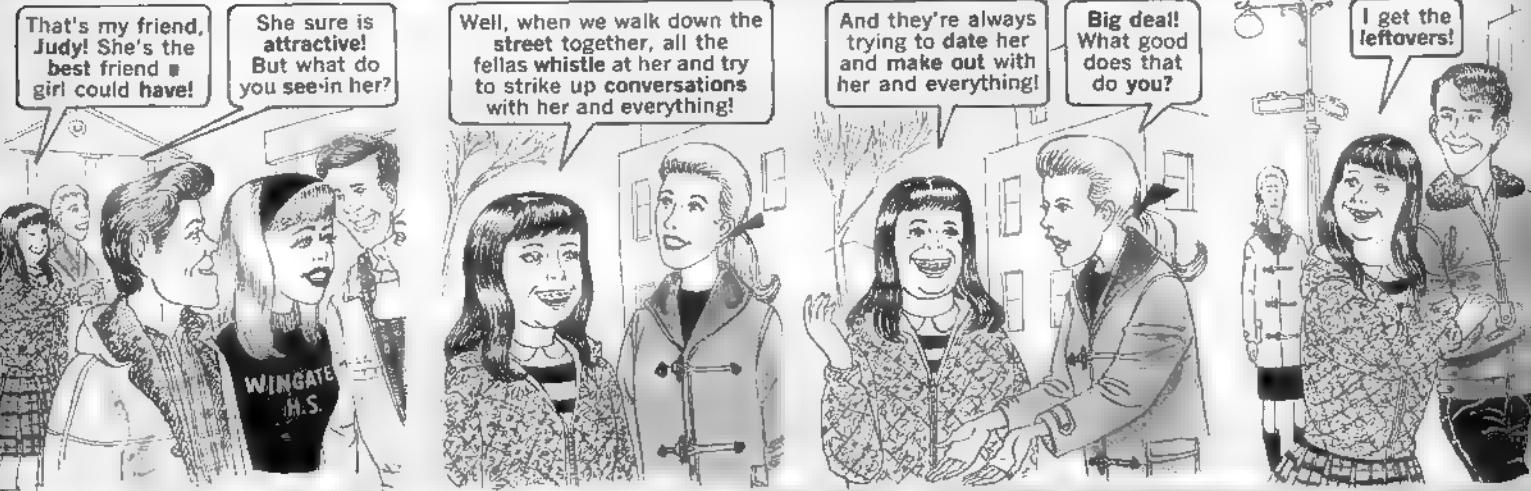


Of course! You can count on me! Now that you've talked out, I'm sure you'll feel better!



ENDSHIP

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



Where the devil is Al . . . or Nick . . . or John . . . or Lenny . . . or Jerry . . . or Bill . . . or Clyde . . . or Irving . . . or Stinky?



Did you have a good time at the game?



NOBODY was there!!



. . . and speaking of celebrities, Frank Sinatra is a personal friend of mine! Just the other day, I said to him—"Frankie . . ."

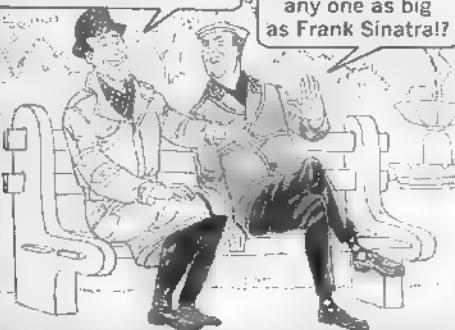
What a phony name-dropper you are! How would a slob like you know any one as big as Frank Sinatra?

You deliberately threw that into the conversation to give yourself status and build yourself up by making me think you have important friends!

Okay! DON'T believe me!

Hey, did you see that guy I was just talking to? That was Stanley Schnooker! He's a very good friend of mine!

He's also on a first-name basis with Frank Sinatra! Just the other day, I said to him—"Stanley . . ."



Do you know that at this very moment, that so-called best friend of mine, Barbra Freeman, is having a party? And she didn't invite us! After all I've done for her! Every party I ever threw, she was the first one invited!

That ■ pretty crummy of her!

I'll never forget or forgive her for this as long as I live! That friendship is over and done with! I don't want to hear her name or speak to her again!

Er-dear, it's that crummy, unmentionable ex-friend of yours on the phone! I take it you don't want to talk to her!

Oh, don't !! Just let me have that! I've got a few choice words I've been saving for her!



Charlie, baby, you're a real good golf buddy! I like playing with you!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

For one thing, when I'm driving or putting, you always keep quiet! I like that about you!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

For another thing, when I'm careless and forget to replace divots, you always do it for me! I like that about you too!

Gee, thanks, Fred!

But what I really love about you the most is—you're one of the few guys I can beat!

Gee, thanks a lot, Fred!



So long, Chuck!
So long, Edna!
Let's get together
again real soon!

Sure
thing,
old
buddy!

Did you have to say that—
about getting together
again?! I can't stand your
friend, Chuck, and his
empty-headed wife! I don't
care if he IS your oldest
friend! I don't ever want
to see them again!

What kind of taste do you have, anyway?
I'd like to know what other ridiculous
choices you've made! What other idiot
friends do you have? What disgusting
characters did you associate with? What
terrible types of girls did you date?
And what kind of

— girl did I marry?



YOU DIRTY RAT! YOU
LOUSY BUM! YOU GOOD-
FOR-NOTHIN' FINK!

I thought he
was a friend
of yours! Why
do you take
all that guff
from him?

Because I AM a friend of
his! You see, he's not
angry at me! He's angry
at himself and the world!
He just lets it out on me!

I must say that's very
tolerant of you! But,
after all, you're only
human! I'm sure his
words make you angry!
Who do YOU let it out on?

ON YOU, BUSTER,
FOR BUTTING IN!



LISTEN,
BARBRA—

Why aren't you here yet?
Everyone is waiting for you!

But . . . but
you didn't
invite me!

Do I have to invite you?! With an old
friendship like ours, things like
that are simply understood!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND
THERE! GET DRESSED! WE'RE
GOING TO BARBRA'S PARTY!!

AND DON'T THINK I'M EVER GOING
TO FORGET OR FORGIVE YOU AS
LONG AS I LIVE FOR CALLING MY
BEST FRIEND "CRUMMY"!!



Oh-oh! The phone is ringing,
and I've got the strangest
feeling that it's my old pal,
Jeff Miller, calling me!
That's funny! I haven't
heard from Jeff in months!

Hello?

Hi! This is
your old pal,
Jeff Miller!

I knew it! I knew it! I've got
supernatural powers! I'm
clairvoyant! I have E.S.P.!
I'm a prophet! Our bond of
friendship is so strong, Jeff,
That I knew it was you calling!

Hey!
Who
is
this?

It's
me! ME!
Mitch
Kinkle!

Gee, I'm awfully
sorry, Mitch! I
meant to dial Sid
Finster! (CLICK!)



You Know You're REALLY

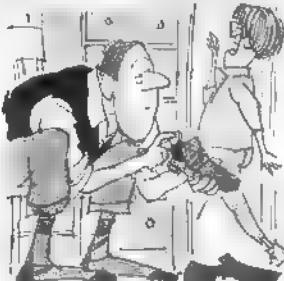
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... your self-winding
watch keeps stopping.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



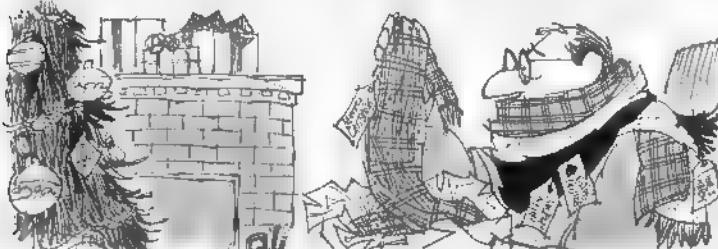
... you buy a pair of
loafers and put pennies
in the little slots.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you can finally afford all of the
things you've always wanted . . . but your
doctor won't let you have them.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... people stop giving you sport shirts and cologne for
Christmas . . . and start giving you scarves and mufflers.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... mirrors don't seem nearly as
fascinating as they used to be.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you drink Pepsi—not to
think young, but to help you burp!

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you find yourself paying
close attention to the Laxative
Commercials on television.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you find yourself reading
the Obituary Columns before
turning to the Sports Section.

GETTING OLD When...

WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & JACK HANRAHAN

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you burn your Draft Card—
and nobody cares!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY GETTING OLD WHEN . . .



... your "Junk Mail" stops including invitations to join the Playboy Club
and starts running more and more to ads for retirement lots in Florida.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you become more convinced each
day that gray hair looks distinguished.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you watch the "Miss America
Pageant" to hear Bert Parks sing.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... the only whistles you
hear are on tea kettles.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**

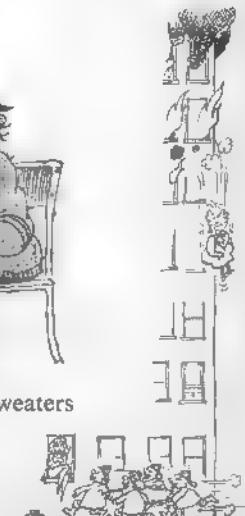


... you go to buy a new outfit, and the clerk doesn't
show you anything that isn't gray or dark brown.

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
GETTING OLD WHEN . . .**



... you wear stockings for support and sweaters
for warmth.



MY THREE YEARS WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY

By
Turk Griswold



BOUND TO APPEAR DEPT.

According to recent reports, Americans spend almost \$3 billion a year on books. With this in mind, and after considerable research, MAD has come up with its own additional statistics. Of this \$3 billion, only \$167 is

"BEST-SELLERS" W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

SEVEN THOUSAND DIRTY HOURS

Another Lascivious Novel By
HAROLD ROBBINS



THE INTIMATE BOOK ON J.F.K. TO END ALL INTIMATE BOOKS ON J.F.K.

which is why I will never forget that fateful day in 1961. I was collecting the afternoon load of White House garbage and dumping it into my truck like always, when my associate, Angie Bodini, saw that I looked troubled. Knowing that the President always confided in me in subtle ways, Angie put down his can and moved close.

"What's wrong, Turk?" he whispered.

I glanced around to make sure that no one was eavesdropping. "You see those two half-eaten hard-boiled eggs?" I said, pushing back a crumpled copy of the New York Times.

"Yeah," he nodded. "I didn't notice them before."

"You see that bread-and-jelly sandwich, hardly touched?" I continued.

He nodded again.

"See that tremendous load of coffee grounds?" I went on. "It means only one thing!"

Angie grabbed my muscular shoulders. He was very emotional. "Give it to me straight!", he cried. "What does it mean?"

"What else?" I said fatalistically. "He's going ahead with that Bay of Pigs thing!"

"Oh, my God!", Angie hissed. "But why is he telling you all this, Turk?"

"Angie," I sighed deeply. "If a President can't confide in his own Garbage Man, who can he confide in?"

I went back to work, knowing that somehow I would have to pass the information on... first to Jackie, and then to Secretary of State Dean Rusk. It would be a

-89-

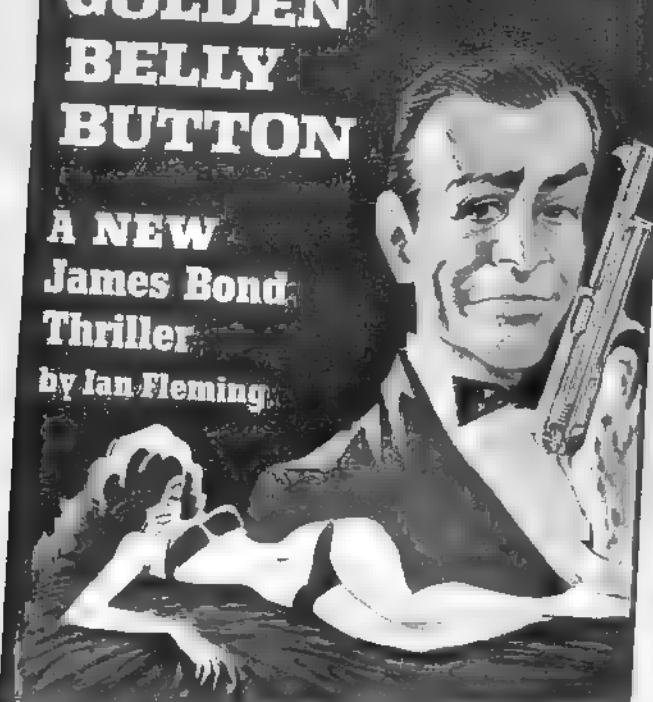
THE SEX NOVEL TO END ALL SEX NOVELS

a deep breath, Lance braced himself and opened the door to the bedroom.

The huge bed was there, just as he'd left it that morning. Except that now, waiting for him in it were: flaming-eyed Sheilah Rogers with heavy-breathing Nancy Norris and hot-lipped Salley Barnes and deep-sighing Carol Blauvelt and itchy-ankled Rosa Vernetti and throbbing-kneed Olga Svensen and quivering-fingered Lotus Soong and twitchy-nosed Marie Roualt and sweaty-palmed Anna Vosnieskinov and lissome Nanooka Yooker and slithery Carmela Ranola and intense Nejla Kassim and marriage-hungry Renée Fink and sloppy Sophie Blunge and TV Repairman Eddie Burke and the starting lineup of the Green Bay Packers and a dachshund named Irving and four Siamese cats with crossed-eyes and a squashed grasshopper and two turtle doves and a partridge

THE SPY WITH THE GOLDEN BELLY BUTTON

A NEW
James Bond
Thriller
by Ian Fleming



THE ABSOLUTELY LATEST
IAN FLEMING NOVEL

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY
THE PUBLISHER

Despite the sudden and untimely death of author Ian Fleming not too long ago, many publishers are still managing to discover Fleming manuscripts that have never before seen print. Playboy Magazine alone has printed several James Bond stories since their author died.

Well, with this book, we of the Rancid House Publishing Company are going to prove that we are the best "New-Fleming-Story-Finders" of them all. We have a doctor, a clergyman and a mortician who will swear that the last two words of this book were typed by Fleming with a reflex finger-action just one second before he died and exactly four hours and two minutes before rigor mortis set in.

Yes, there is no doubt about it! THIS is absolutely the last and final James Bond book written by Ian Fleming before his death! There cannot be any others!

And now, before you read and enjoy it, I would like to tell you about the next James Bond book we will soon be publishing. This one was written by Ian Fleming after his death!

You see, while I was attending a seance recently, I happened to receive an emanation from the ectoplasm

spent on good books! The rest? Well, let's put it this way: if you think TV and the Movies follow nauseating trends, you haven't been following the trends in "Best-Sellers" these days. For instance, here are a few . . .

E'RE SURE TO SEE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

LETTERS TO SERVICEMEN

Another Batch of Upbraious Letters

Compiled By
Bill Adler

THE MOST HILARIOUS COMPILATION
OF HUMOROUS "LETTERS TO" YET

and I hope you are well out there in Vietnam.

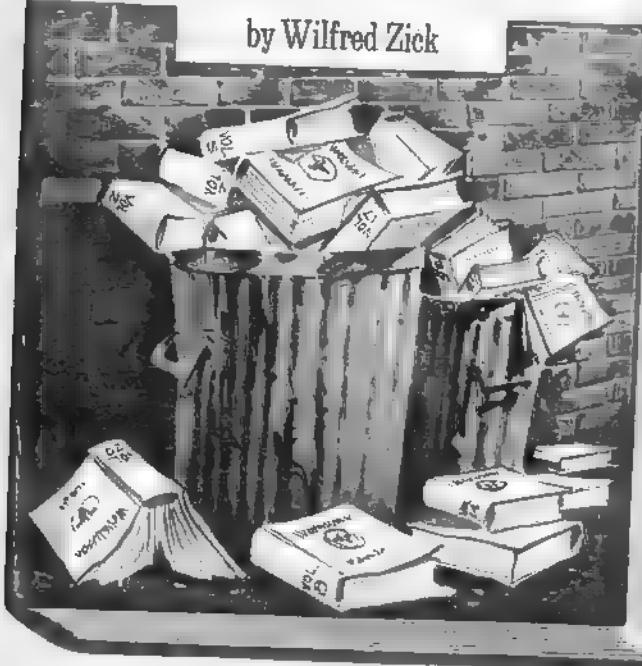
Oh, by the way, Harold? Do you want to hear something funny? Remember that fellow who used to come to our house to try to sell us encyclopedias? You know, the guy we always used to chase away. Well, he's still coming to the house. Isn't that a scream? But don't worry. He doesn't try to sell me encyclopedias anymore. No sir, he's learned his lesson. In fact, he's been here ten times in the past two weeks and he didn't once talk about encyclopedias.

Well, anyway, you know what he told me yesterday? He told me that he just got a new job in Chile and he's leaving on Friday. Isn't that funny? An encyclopedia salesman in Chile? I laughed, and he laughed, and the four kids laughed. (The kids seem to find him amusing. They say he doesn't mope around the house the way you used to. Isn't that cute?)

I can almost hear you chuckling over this story as you read it there in that trench or whatever it is you live in. But wait a minute, here's the punch line: After thinking it over I've decided

75,000 THINGS WRONG WITH THE WARREN REPORT

by Wilfred Zick



THE MOST DETAILED ATTACK YET
ON THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT

and what's more, the page is numbered incorrectly.

(28,243) Pages 197 and 198 were joined together in my edition and had to be cut apart by hand.

(28,244) There was a smudge on the title page.

(28,245) The book doesn't stand up well on a shelf.

(28,246) The pages flop over when you open the book, unless you hold them down.

(28,247) The binding is weak.

(28,248) The pages don't taste good when you lick your fingers to turn them.

(28,249) The book was not dedicated to anyone.

(28,250) The type was hard to read.

(28,251) The writing lacked dramatic style.

(28,252) There was no comedy relief.

(28,253) My theory that the actual assassin was John Wilkes Booth was never explored or even acknowledged, leaving a serious doubt as to the integrity of the Commission.

-185-

ME, EIGHT WHEELS. AND GOD



THE FANTASTIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROLLER
DERBY IMMORTAL MIDGE "TOUGHIE" BRASHUN

as told to DICK LYNCH

THE ULTIMATE SPORTS FIGURE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUR TIME

and as I skated on that night, a funny voice within me kept saying, "Give up, Toughie! You'll never make it! You'll never score that tie-breaking winning point!"

Everything seemed to be going against me, all right. I was being chased by five burly 300-pounders, not to mention two or three men skaters. And to make matters worse, I suddenly discovered that my equipment had been sabotaged. I was skating on "learners", and I had no skate key, and my right front wheel was boxed.

In Roller Derby competition—the most magnificent and most meaningful sport yet devised by Man—this was the "Moment of Truth". I was about to quit, when I heard another voice, the voice of Roller Derby fan, Barry Yeager, from his hospital bed.

"Win one . . . cough . . . cough . . . for ME tonight, Toughie!" it said, hoarsely.

I gritted my teeth and skated on. "I gotta do it for him!" I whispered. "This one's for you, Barry . . . there in the Bellevue Alcoholic Ward. Just for you . . ."

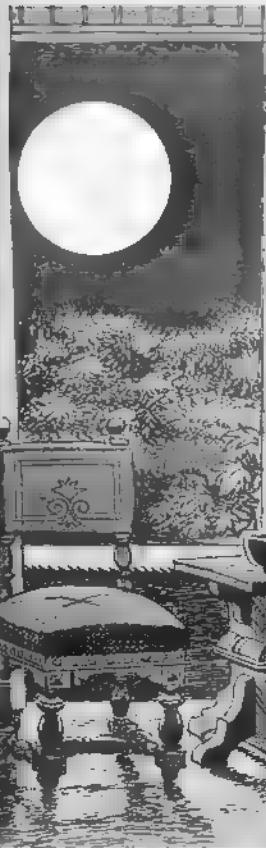
Well, the rest is Roller Derby history. I scored and we won. And as I stood before the microphone on "Toughie Brashun Night", I brushed aside a tear and said humbly, "I sure am lucky to be a Brooklyn Red Devil, folks!"

A mighty roar went up from the eight throats in the audience, and the applause was deafening as I was lifted

-72-

LUNA-SEE DEPT.

THE WEREWOLF



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



WRITER: SEMI



A TURN FOR THE WORSE DEPT.

Late Night Television viewers and insomniacs often spend their evenings switching back and forth, mainly, their electric blankets, from "Warm" to "Medium-Hot". But in addition, they often have a problem deciding which Late Night TV Show to watch. They're usually torn between the "Tonight

LATE NIGHT

From New York... It's the
"TONIGHT SHOW"... with
guest stars: Buddy Hackett,
The Supremes, and
Professor Irwin Corey! I'm
Ed McMahon! And now,
here's the star of
our show...

"COCHISE, SON OF POTCHISE" ...
tonight's feature on "THE LATE
MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE GREAT" ...

It's Cochise ... leading his war
party of savages and shrieking
his horrible war cry ...

...the N.B.C.
Commissary!
I ordered their
special...
Ham and Swiss
on White...

... Man who speak with forked tongue!
You burn our land, you steal our cattle,
and worst of all, you send us...

... blasting off a
launching pad at Cape
Kennedy this morning.
The rocket will
attempt to make space
history by...

... destroying the fort! We must save the women
and children from those blood-thirsty savages ...



Show", the "Late Movies" and the "Evening News". Here, then, is what happens in millions of homes as parents wait up for their teen-age kids to come back from dates . . . and they play America's Number-One Insomniac Game, as they switch from TV Channel to TV Channel. We call this madness . . .

TV ROULETTE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.

WHOOPEE! And may the bird of Paradise . . .

. . . meet with Russian leaders to solve World Problems. The Russians, however, vetoed the suggestion to hold a Summit Conference at . . .

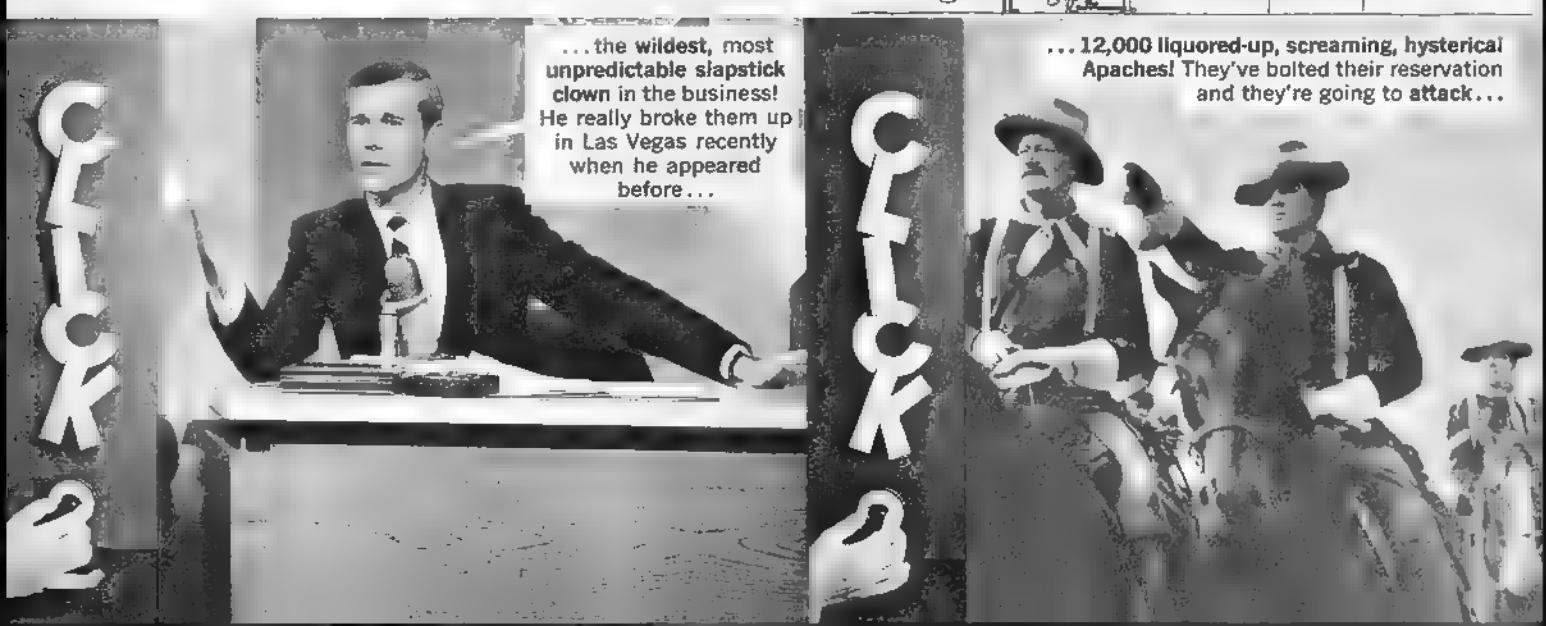
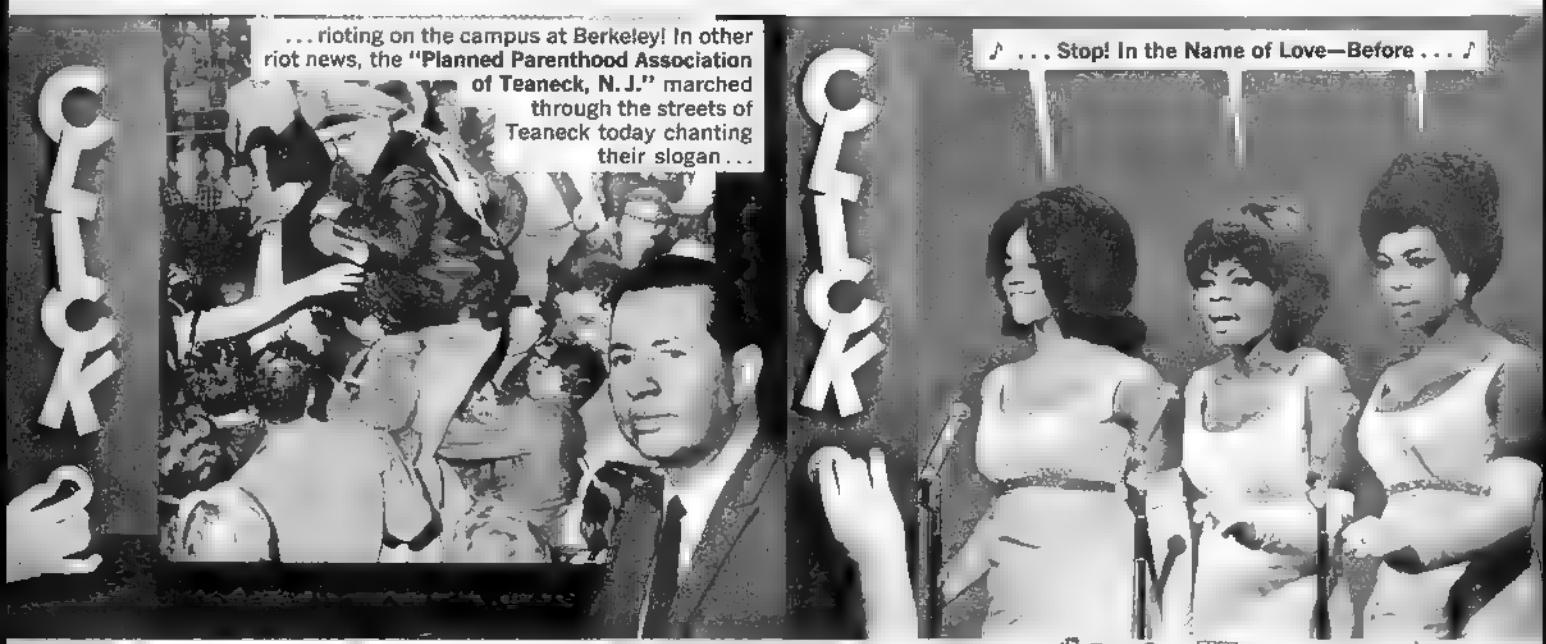
. . . Richard Nixon, who made his first bid for the 1968 GOP Presidential nomination in a speech before 6000 wildly cheering Republicans gathered in . . .

. . . the "Pink Pussycat" in Hollywood! Ed had a few drinks there last night, and the next thing we knew, he was seen . . .

. . . Milton De Lugg and his orchestra! And here is the first member of our studio audience who will try to "Stump the Band"! Where are you from, Miss?

I'm from . . .

. . . a narcotics raid on the upper West Side, where authorities uncovered a cache of 17 pounds of pure uncut Heroin and . . .



... a copy
of my book,
**"HAPPINESS
IS A
DRY..."**

... BRUSH FIRE!
Those Apaches will
destroy our homes
unless we get help!

There's only one man in the
West who can save us! It's
that fearless, gun-slingin',
guitar-strummin' masked man—

... rioting on the campus at Berkeley! In other
riot news, the "Planned Parenthood Association
of Teaneck, N.J." marched
through the streets of
Teaneck today chanting
their slogan...

♪ ... Stop! In the Name of Love—Before ... ♪

...the wildest, most
unpredictable slapstick
clown in the business!
He really broke them up
in Las Vegas recently
when he appeared
before...

... 12,000 liquored-up, screaming, hysterical
Apaches! They've bolted their reservation
and they're going to attack...

C
E
R
K

... Ronald Reagan! The Governor spent the day huddled with his top advisor and confidante ...



... Buddy Hackett! Buddy has just returned from three hilarious weeks ...

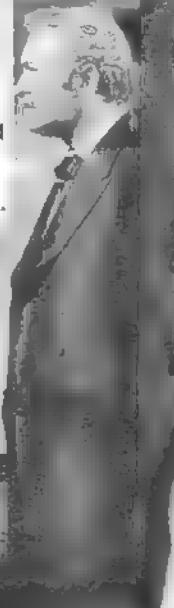


C
E
R
K

... I drill you full of lead!



I wouldn't try that if I were you, because right behind you is that famous masked man and his faithful companion ...



C
E
R
K

... Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey! Mr. Humphrey's speech today left no doubt that he is unquestionably ...



C
E
R
K

... tomorrow night's guests ... **Georgie Jessel, Milt Kamen, Killer Joe Piro and his Dancers, Morty Gunty, Xavier Cugat ...** and the glamorous and exciting ...



C
E
R
K

... Lady Bird Johnson!



MAD TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THIS DEPT.

A few issues back, we ran an article, titled "Announcements For Everything." Shortly thereafter, Mr. Byron Q. Bixby, of East Spectrum, Oklahoma, wrote in, saying that the article was the "worst

MORE ANNOUNCEMENTS

MRS. LOUELLA QUIGLEY
REGRETFULLY ANNOUNCES
THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER HUSBAND
QUINCY
FOLLOWING HIS FAILURE
TO BID A LAY-DOWN GRAND SLAM
AT THE ACME BRIDGE CLUB
ON FRIDAY, THE FOURTH OF FEBRUARY
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN

Mr. Mario ("Dutch") Spinelli
Having Pleaded Guilty To A Lesser Charge
On Advice Of Counsel
Requests Your Presence
At His Sentencing
At Ten O'Clock On The Morning
Of Wednesday, The Ninth Of March
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven
United States District Court

Coming-Out Party
Following Brief 30-Day Rap
To Be Held In Front Of
The Federal House Of Detention
427 West Street

R.S.V.P.

Mrs. Selma Rappaport
Is Anxious To Announce
In Minute Detail
The Lurid Events Leading Up To
And The Fat Settlement Resulting From
Her Recent Divorce From
Arnold Rappaport
At Reno, Nevada
On Tuesday, The Twenty-Eighth Of March
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven

Freddy Sandler
Wishes To Thank
His Classmates At Frisbee High School
For Their Letter
Of Sympathy And Condolence
Following the Untimely Death
Of His
1937 Nash

The Remains May Be Viewed At
Irv's Junk Yard

junk" ever to appear in MAD Magazine. Naturally, we do not agree with Mr. Bixby. The truth of the matter is, the "worst junk" ever to appear in MAD Magazine is the following article, namely . . .

FOR EVERYTHING

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Miss Fifi LaVoom
Is Ecstatic To Announce
The Acquisition
Of A Diamond Brooch
Following A Week-End In Miami
With Mr. Monroe Mishkin
Of Mishkin Industries
On Monday, The Sixth Of February
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven

Mrs. Sophie Tishman
Takes Great Relish
In Smugly Announcing
That The Mink Coat
Supposedly Bought Wholesale
By Her Sister-In-Law
Mrs. Walter Weinstock
Is Actually Muskrat

E Company
Fourth Battalion
Second Infantry Regiment
United States Army
Requests The Pleasure Of Your Company
At Its Ninth Weekly
Latrine Inspection
On The Morning Of Sunday
The Twenty-Fifth Of December
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Six
Fort Dix, New Jersey

Mr. Horace ("Fingers") Mulvaney
Is Pleased To Announce
The Opening Of
The Chase Manhattan Bank's
Main Vault
During The Early Morning Hours
Of Sunday, The Third Of April
Nineteen Hundred And Sixty-Seven



ANIMAL SINGDOM DEPT.

A couple of issues back, MAD published a collection of Food Songs. In the article, we said that food is the most important thing in our lives. Well, we were wrong—at least for some people. It seems there is another area in our lives that takes up even more of our time than food. Mainly, the feeding, training, walking and all-around absurdity of pets. Let us, then, give these creatures of fur, fins and feathers the tribute they deserve as we present this assortment of

SONG

THE PET-OWNERS CHORUS

(Sung to the tune of "The Jets' Song")

When you've a pet,
You've a burden for life
Who will cost you more dough
Than a gluttonous wife!

When you've a pet,
You are forced to ignore
That your living-room looks
Like the Second World War!



The parrot that yells!
The St. Bernard that paws you!
The hamster that smells!
The Siamese Cat that claws you!
The Mouse that gnaws you!



When you've a pet,
You've a friend to the core
Who will wake you at dawn
When you've dropped off at 4!
When you've a pet,
You're sunk, you bet!

When you've a pet
You will spend all your days
With your hand on the button
Of Aerosol sprays!



When you've a pet
You can bet on the line
He'll turn vicious and mean
When your boss comes to dine!



Your coat and your vest
Are chewed to little bits there!
Your rug has been "blessed"
With something that just sits there!
You're having fits there!

When you've a pet
Your contentment is through!
You've no life of your own
And your home is a zoo!
It's a big... smelly...
noisy... messy... zoo!

THE DOG-FEEDER'S DIRGE

(Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry")



The Dane that I'm feeding,
I hate to say,
Is costing me 17 bucks a day!
He eats a daily meal
Of T-bones and lamb-chops and shoulders of veal!

And when he is finished, he has a bowl
Of porterhouse steak and filet of sole!
His great yearning,
I am learning,
Swallows up every penny I'm earning!
The Dane that I'm feeding
Is constantly bleeding
Me dry!

THE AQUARIUM ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things")



Black, shiny Mollies and bright-colored Guppies—
Shy little Angels as gentle as puppies—
Swimming and diving with scarcely a "swish"—
They were just some of my tropical fish!

Then I bought Mantas that sting in the water—
Deadly Piranhas that itch for a slaughter—
Savage male Bettas that bite with a "squish!"—
Now I have many less tropical fish!

If you think that
Fish are peaceful,
That's an empty wish!
Just dump them together and leave them alone,
And soon you will have
No fish!

S OF PETS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



MELODY FOR A MYNAH

(Sung to the tune of "Dinah")



Mynah!

There's no bird that talks finah
From Connecticut to China!
Other creatures are never
Clever as she!

Mynah!

She's so smart I can't bear it—
Smarter even than a parrot
When she's imitating me!

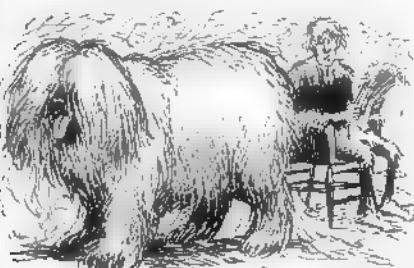
But when I've company,
My Mynah
Shouts with glee
Some crude obscenity
That she picked up from me!

Mynah!

Better shut your face, Mynah!
Or I'll feed you turpentine-ah
And I'll get a chimpanzee!

SONG FOR A SHEEPDOG

(Sung to the tune of "White Christmas")



I'm screaming at a white sheepdog
Each time he sits upon my chair!
It's a thing I'm dreading—
The way he's shedding
And coats everything with hair!
I'm screaming at a white sheepdog!
If he should visit you some night—
May his bark be worse than his blight—
And may all your furniture be white!

SERENADE TO A WATCHDOG

(Sung to the tune of "Strangers In The Night")

Watchdog in the night—
I never chained you!
Watchdog in the night—
I always trained you
To protect my house
Until the night was through!



Then those burglars came—
You didn't mind it!
They were after loot—
You helped them find it!
Diamond rings and furs
You quickly led them to!

Watchdog in the night—
A stupid beagle you were!
Watchdog in the night—
But later on when I—
Returned to my poor home—
How your jaws did foam!
You became a snapping dog—
A crazy, fearless yapping dog!



Whenever I'm in sight,
It's so upsetting!
Every time you bite,
It's me you're getting!
Now you're full of fight—
My watchdog in the night!

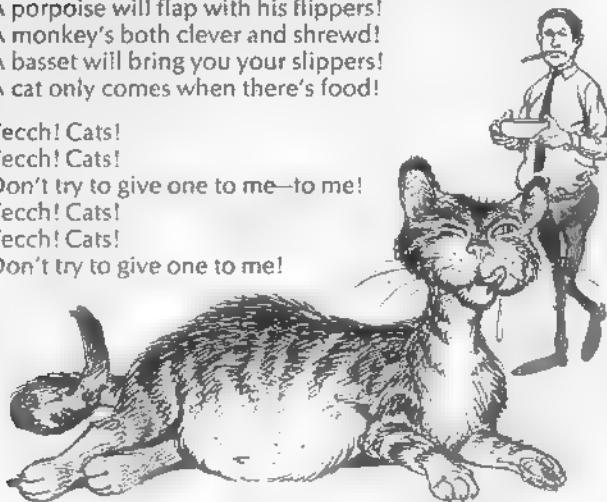


A CAROL FOR CATS

(Sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")

A porpoise will flap with his flippers!
A monkey's both clever and shrewd!
A basset will bring you your slippers!
A cat only comes when there's food!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!



A chimp makes ridiculous faces!
A skunk has a noteworthy air!
A snake will return your embraces!
A cat only claws up a chair!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!



A parrot can speak in Italian!
A goldfish is gorgeous to see!
A colt will become a proud stallion!
A cat just gets caught in a tree!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!



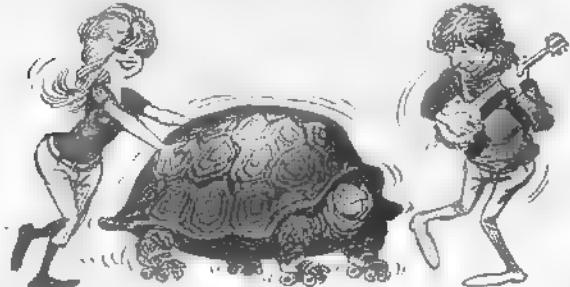
A spaniel can swim in the ocean!
A turtle's content on a shelf!
A hound-dog will give you devotion!
A cat only thinks of herself!

Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me—to me!
Yecch! Cats!
Yecch! Cats!
Don't try to give one to me!



HYMN TO A TURTLE

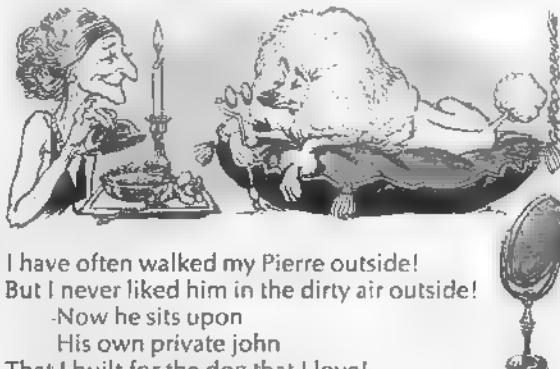
(Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face")



I've grown accustomed to your pace!
You're like a streak of blazing light!
I've grown accustomed to the blast
Of wind when you run past!
And when you zoom
From room to room,
You're like a burst of energy—
A comet racing through the night!
You're just a wild and crazy creature
who is uncontrolled and free!
No wonder I get dizzy when I see
you passing me!
I've grown accustomed to the rush—
Accustomed to the speed—
Accustomed to your pace!

BALLAD FOR A POODLE

(Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live")



I have often walked my Pierre outside!
But I never liked him in the dirty air outside!
Now he sits upon
His own private john
That I built for the dog that I love!

See the king-size bed that I made for him!
See those powder-blue pajamas I crocheted for him!
And should he feel ill
Here's a Contac pill
That I give to the dog that I love!

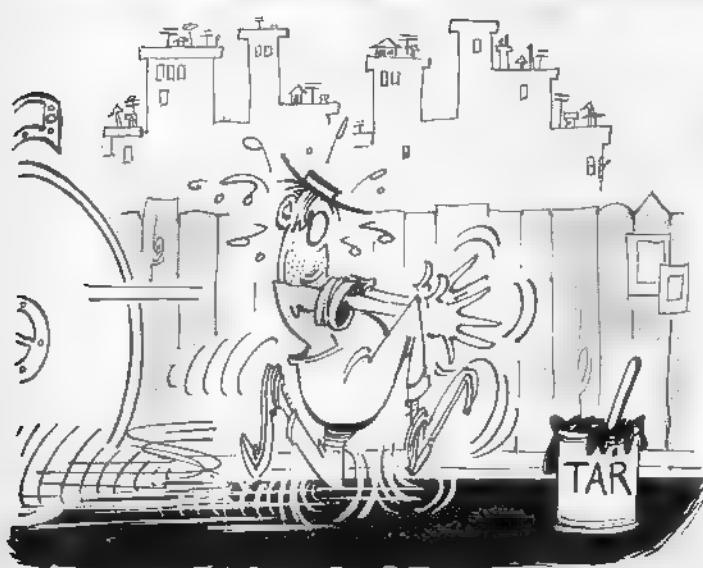
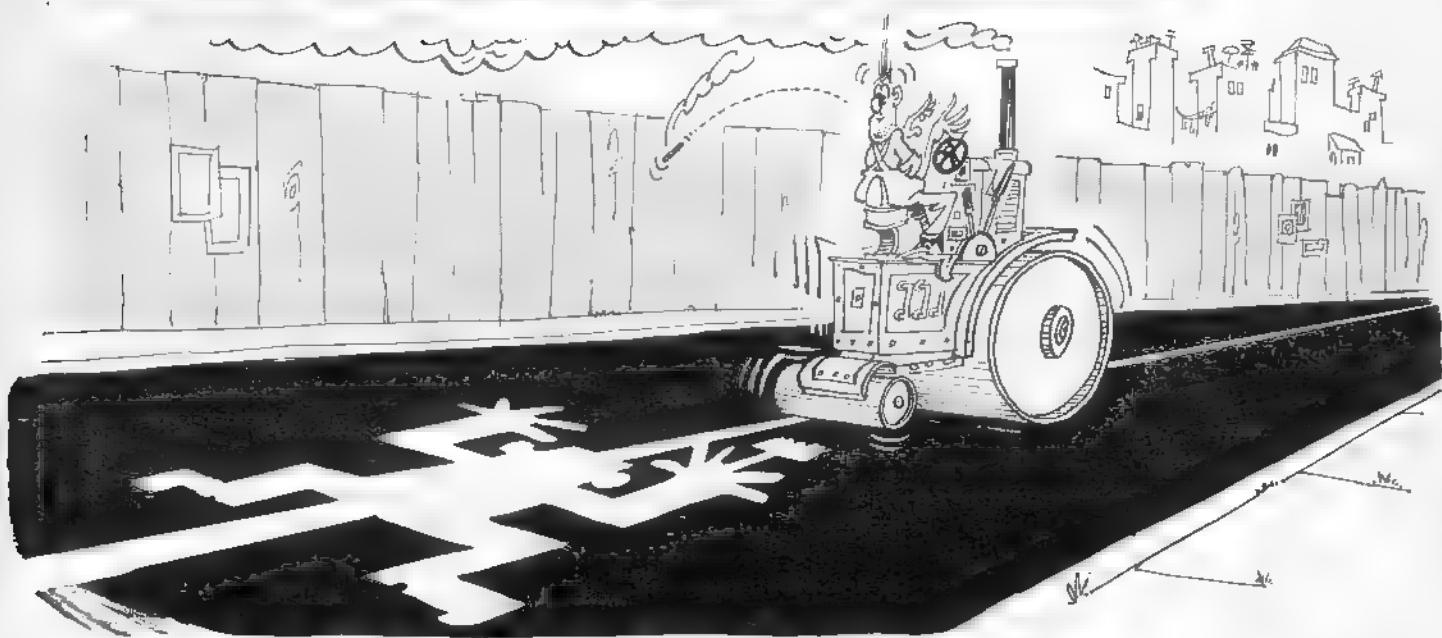
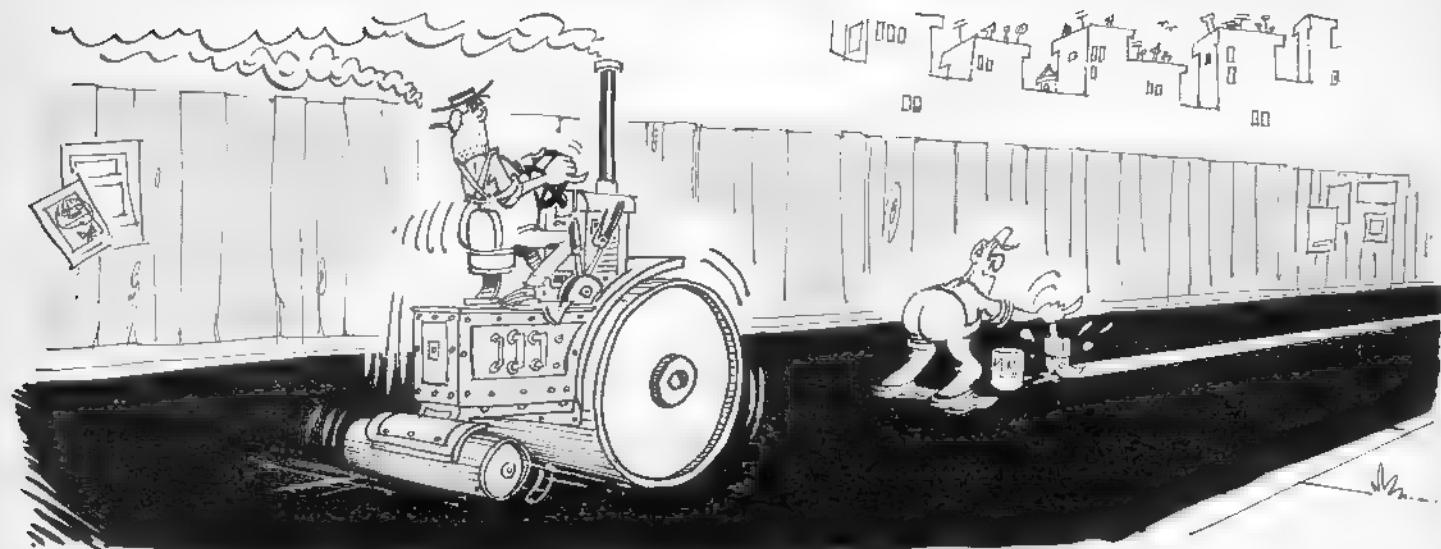
Yet, Oh! He sometimes annoys me!
When he does, I'm firm as can be!
But, Oh! It nearly destroys me
To have to tell him he can't watch his own TV!

I bake chocolate cakes with a glaze for him!
And if he should lose his hair, I'll get toupees for him!
And should I drop dead,
When my will is read—
All will go to the dog that I love!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II



ON THE ROAD



COPY CAT-ASTROPHE DEPT.

We've always heard about the big turnover in Advertising Agency Personnel... and judging by the asinine ad campaigns these jokers turn out each year, we

ADS WE NEVE

RCA GIVES YOU THE BEST COLOR TV
in THE WORLD



Color so Natural,
we Guarantee it
in Black and White

RCA VICTOR TV

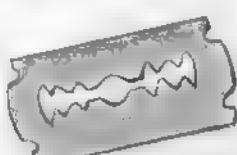
Tire Savings Galore at
Firestone's



**BIG
BLOWOUT
SALE!**

See Your Firestone Dealer Today!

Gillette
SUPER STAINLESS STEEL BLADES



T
W

thought we knew why. Until we scrounged around in a few Ad Agency wastepaper baskets. You'll see what we mean as MAD proudly presents some layouts for

R GOT TO SEE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

TIMEX
INTRODUCES



The Gem

a distinctive new man's watch
on sale now for only

\$9.98

At this low Price,
THEY WON'T LAST!

TIMEX
WATCHES

When You're Dying
for a Cigarette...

try a
CAMEL



Morning

Constipation

Take
EX-LAX
for that
"GET UP AND GO"
FEELING!



Westinghouse
automatic elevators
NEVER LET YOU DOWN!



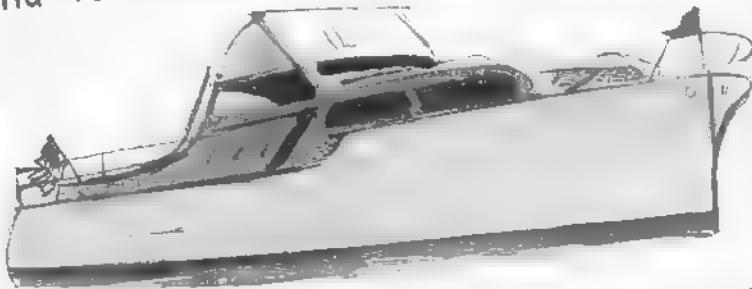
Westinghouse...
where progress is our
most important product!



I dreamed I was way out front in my
maidenform bra



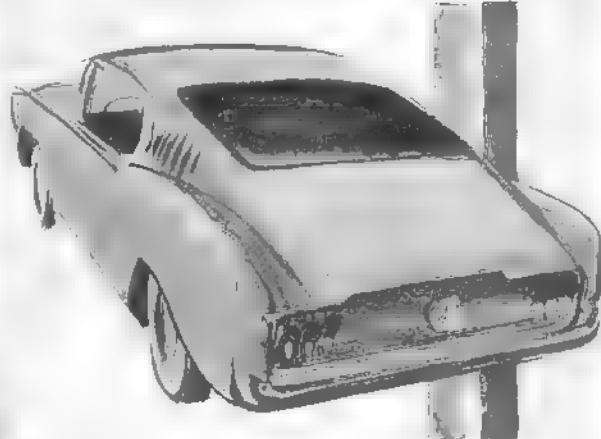
End Your Vacation Problems Forever!



**SINK YOUR
LIFE SAVINGS
IN A BOAT!**

The American Boating Association

**1968 Will be another
SMASH-UP YEAR
for *Mustang*!**



1968
THE SMASH-UP YEAR FOR MUSTANG

MUSTANG



THE SURLY BIRD MAKES US SQUIRM DEPT.



Remember when it was important to be sweet and likeable in order to make it "big" on Radio or TV? Remember when warm, sunny people like Perry Como, Arthur Godfrey and Ralph Edwards ruled the airways? Well, forget it! The big Radio and TV gimmick now is "Rottenness"! Today, the masochistic public can't seem to get enough of Alan Burke, Joe Pyne, and who knows how many hundreds of other rude, outspoken local personalities around the country who conduct interview and telephone shows. Well, make way now for the rudest and rottenest Television personality of them all, as MAD switches on:

THE JOE NASTY SHOW

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Welcome to "The Joe Nasty Show" . . . the program with a star who dishes out fun and entertainment in his own inimitable style! And now . . .

Heeeeeeeeere's Joe!

Aw shaaaaaaaaaaaaadup!



All right, about our guest lineup tonight. Now listen, and listen good because I'm not repeating myself. Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, The Beatles, Liberace, Sammy Davis Jr., Frank Sinatra, The Seven Santini Bros., and Bobby Kennedy . . . they will not be on! Oh, they begged me, but I said no dice! And you know why I turned them down? Because I know you people out there want them! And if you think you're going to have pleasure at my expense, forget it, Charlie!

Okay, I guess I have to do my opening monologue now . . .

Look, I thought I told you people to shaaaadup!

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio tonight. I ran over a horse with my car. I won't say my hotel room is small, but it looks like a garbage dump. I won't say the weather in New York is bad, but yesterday 412 people died of frostbite.

Okay, so much for the jokes!



Look, you slobs, this is my last warning!
SHAAAAAAAAAAAAADUP! Stop that
stupid applause or I'll clear the studio!

Hello, Joe. We're going to have a wonderful show tonight. As your Announcer, who has been with you throughout your whole show business career, and as your closest personal friend, who once saved your life in a mine field during World War II
I can't tell you how happy I am to be . . .

You're
fired!



Ha, ha,
good old
Joe, always
joking! Now
what do
you say we
start off
the show
by . . .

I mean it, creep!
Get lost! And take
that obnoxious
reject from the
Musicians Union
who calls himself
a Band-Leader
with you!

Well, if that's the way
you feel, I'm happy
to leave! I've tried to
get along with you all
these years, but you
have no idea how
miserable it's been
working for some-
one who hates me!

Why
didn't
you
say so?
In that
case,
you're
re-hired!

Okay, Joe, telephone
time. Time to discuss
some of the important
issues of the day with
the people at home. Oh,
there's the phone now!

Hello! Who? Listen to me and
listen good, you stupid broad!
I hate you and everything you
stand for, and if you ever call
me again, I'll ram your phone
down your throat!



Who
was
that?

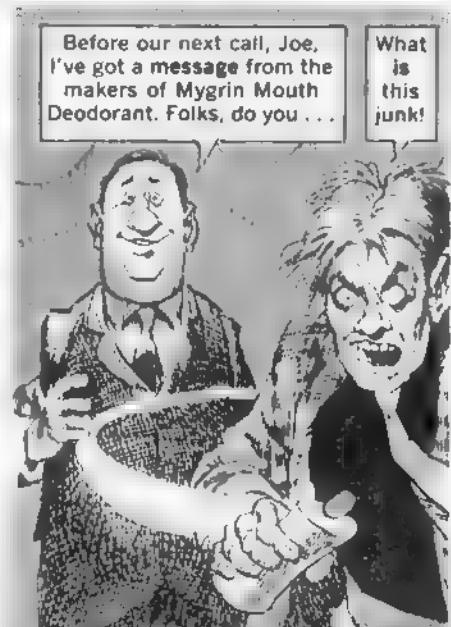
My wife! Now
bring on the
strangers!

Before our next call, Joe,
I've got a message from the
makers of Mygrin Mouth
Deodorant. Folks, do you . . .

What
is
this
junk!

Joe, please! It's one of our
sponsors! He's paying
thousands of dollars for this
1 minute spot. He's helping
people fight bad breath!

I'd rather smell bad
breath than this
gunk! Now bring on
the first guest!
I don't have all night!



I'm your first guest, Mr. Nasty. My name is Dr. Harris Saint. I have spent 30 years of my life working on a cure for Cancer. I have never made a penny on my work, but I don't care. Saving mankind is my only dream. Perhaps you've heard of me. I'm called "The Saint of Western Civilization."

Sit down, Commie!

Mr. Nasty,
I am not
a Communist!

Oh no? Well what right do you have to deprive me of my God-given right to have Cancer? Don't worry, I know how you Commies work. First you start nibbling away at our basic diseases, and then before you know it, you want to conquer them all! Isn't that right? Isn't it? Huh? Huh? Answer me!

But, Mr. Nasty!

Aw, shut your Red Trap! Bring on the next guest!



And now, Joe, here she is, that adorable Roumanian, La La LaBore!

Dollinks, it's so vunderful beink back here again. Let me kiss you, sveety!



Does he always punch women?

Never! Up till now, it's been nothing but little girls and old men!

**JOE WILL BE
RIGHT BACK!
DON'T SWITCH
THE DIAL OR
HE'LL
BRAIN YOU!**



Welcome back to "The Joe Nasty Show". And now, for your viewing pleasure, **Bimbo** and his trained—

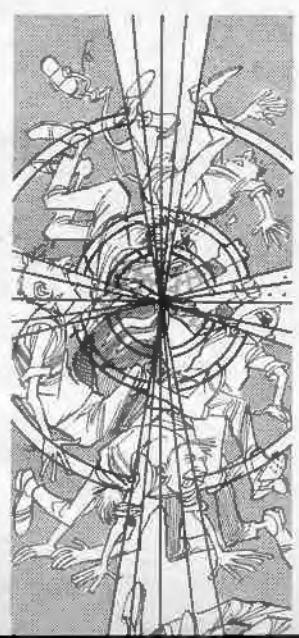
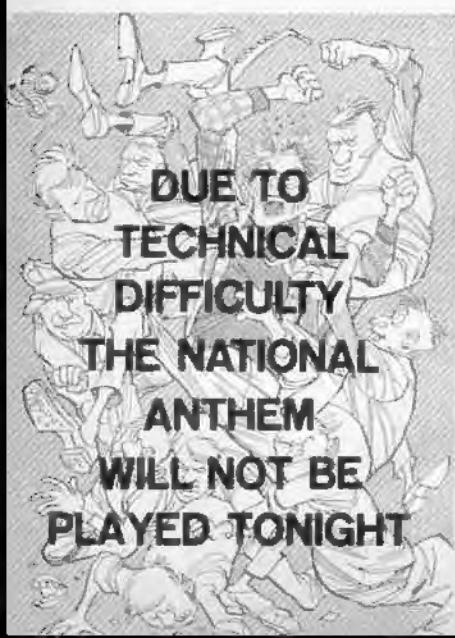
Oh, no! Not another one of those idiotic dog acts! Out! Out! Go haunt the Ed Sullivan Show where you belong! Go mess up Radio City Music Hall stage! But stay off my show!

All right, Mr. Nasty, but please be careful. The dogs are very small and delicate and ... Oh my God! You just stepped on Myron!

Oh, dear, there goes Harold ... and there goes Sheldon ... and there goes Rosie ...

This is fun! I almost feel like smiling!

And so ends another "Joe Nasty Show." Tune in again tomorrow night and ...



Good morning. It is 6:30 A.M. and this station officially begins its broadcasting day with the Morning Meditation. This morning I would like to read passages from the Good Book on the importance of love and kindness for one's fellow man. As it is written in ...

Commie!
COMMIE!



**WHAT WILL
BE THE
ULTIMATE
IDEA IN
"MOD"
FASHIONS?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

First came short skirts. Then came mini-skirts. Then came micro-skirts. If this "Mod" trend in fashions continues, there will be only one design choice left. To find out what this daring and bold new concept will be, fold page in as shown.



FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**PETITE GALS WEARING THIS ULTIMATE IN MOD
FASHIONS WILL LOOK VERY APPEALING. BUT BIG
GALS WILL HAVE TO STEER CLEAR, OR INVITE
LEERS INSTEAD OF SMILES, ADMIRATION AND RAVES**

MAD's Great Moments In Politics

